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The Hidden Victims of Hiroshima

The New Militarism on Capitol Hill

Synfuel: Another Handout for Big Oil

The Dan White Case

PSYCHIATRISTS VS. GAYS

By Thomas Szasz

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AUGUST 6 & 20, 1979

How Dan White Got Away With Murder

THOMAS SZASZ **p. 17**

It is time to expel the psychiatric liars from the courtroom—whether they come to prevent justice by imprisoning the innocent or by exculpating the guilty.

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An echo, not a choice. There's an ominous new belligerence in the air in Washington, making it hard to tell the liberals from the bomb-'em-back-to-the-stone-age conservatives. (*PHIL STANFORD*)

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Hiroshima's hidden victims. For thirty-four years the Pentagon has been concealing evidence showing that American prisoners of war were among those killed by the first atomic bomb. (*BARTON J. BERNSTEIN*)

The case against the MX. In deciding to go ahead with the Missile Experimental, Jimmy Carter has chosen a weapon that is expensive, unnecessary, and provocative. (*BROOKE GLADSTONE*)

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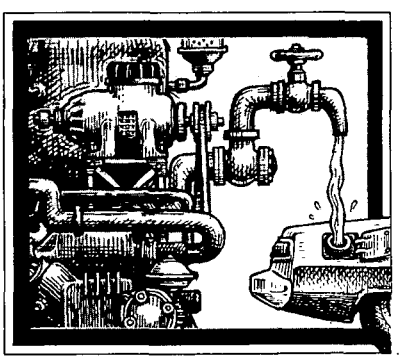
Synthetic fuel booty. While American motorists line up at the gas pumps, the big oil companies are waiting at the doors of the Treasury for Congress to pass a multibillion dollar synfuel handout. (*BRUCE BARTLETT*)



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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

NOW THAT CARTER and Brezhnev have signed the SALT accords, this country begins an unprecedented national debate about our security needs. The terms of this controversy clearly reflect a pervasive climate of militarism: The Carter administration offers us a whole new round of MX, Trident, and cruise missiles, while the hawks demand nothing less than an end to détente and a return to an unrestricted arms race. In this issue of *INQUIRY* we take an especially close look at both the terms of the SALT agreement and the growing conservative spirit in Congress. We are pleased, also, to present Barton Bernstein's disturbing story of the Pentagon's coverup of the deaths of American POWs in the atomic blast that destroyed Hiroshima thirty-four years ago.

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RES PUBLICA

The spirit of Levittown

■ Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D-Wash.) and 18 other senators unveiled legislation yesterday that would commit the nation to a massive energy development program, reshuffle part of the Energy Department and spend about $5 billion on favored energy projects....

Sen. Dale Bumpers (D-Ark.) told a news briefing, "The American people are in the mood to do something, even if it is wrong."

—*Washington Post, June 12, 1979*

Tricked

■ The United Nations and its affiliates, while claiming to be plagued with deficits, have been running a surplus of as much as $350 million a year and have $1.4 billion in excess funds in bank accounts, audited financial statements show....

The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), one of the organizations in the U.N. system, alone has $100 million to $140 million in its bank accounts, the audited statements show. In recent years, the organization that helps starving children has run an annual surplus ranging from $8 million to more than $20 million. The excess money . . . is equivalent to the amount that children would collect in UNICEF Halloween trick-or-treat campaigns over 70 years.

—*Washington Post, June 17, 1979*

Mad dogs and Presidents . . .

■ President Carter climbed atop the roof of the White House today and, amid a noonday blaze of solar power, dedicated a solar heating system and announced his solar energy plan....

The President likened himself to William Henry Harrison, who, Mr. Carter said, had electric lights installed in the White House in 1891. Mr. Carter said that electric power was not yet economically feasible and that President Harrison was demonstrating his faith in electric power. (Actually, William Henry Harrison was President in 1841, living only one month after his inauguration.)

—*New York Times, June 21, 1979*

Dog of war

■ [Henry Kissinger] complained [in a 1976 conversation with Shirley Temple Black] that Africans didn't understand the implications of Cuban intervention in Africa. "It's not an African problem," he said, "it is a geopolitical problem. South African involvement in Angola was very damaging. It is very unfortunate that they came in. If we could have hired mercenaries, South Africa could have stayed out."

—*Washington Post, Apr. 27, 1979*

Up is down

■ I think that the free-enterprise system is absolutely too important to be left to the voluntary action of the marketplace.

—REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD KELLY, *quoted in the Wall Street Journal, June 8, 1979*

Just the facts, please

■ The oil lords of Islam, most of them only a generation removed from tribal feudalism, have reduced the United States and its industrial allies to petroleum penury. Yet the oil caliphs are not satisfied with the fabulous riches they have already looted from an oil-thirsty world: They have returned to Geneva this week to renew their price gouging.

—JACK ANDERSON, *Washington Post, June 26, 1979*

For the record

■ Carter lieutenant [Robert] Strauss, at a small political gathering attended by [Walter] Mondale, told the guests how at a Cabinet meeting the VP had attacked the oil companies and boasted that "the oil industry doesn't own *me*." The irrepressible Strauss gibed: "And I told him, 'No, Mr. Vice President, because the dairy lobby wouldn't sell you.' "

—*Wall Street Journal, June 8, 1979*

Say it ain't so, Joe

■ U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano turned to an aide during a visit to Peking University and commented: "We've got to get some new teaching materials in here." Mr. Califano was referring to English-language teaching materials that a delegation from HEW had just seen used in an English class at the university. The texts depicted American blacks being turned away from white hospitals and schools, and American workers toiling under sweatshop conditions.

—*Wall Street Journal, June 25, 1979*

Chinese textbook example

■ Zola Mae Humphries, 20, will go to federal prison if she bears another illegitimate baby. U.S. District Judge Wilbur Owens, who is white, made that clear when he sentenced the young black woman to a suspended five-year prison term. She had admitted stealing a $199.13 government check....

"There seems to be a direct relationship with the number of children she has and committing crimes," Owens said after her court appearance. "I'll revoke her probation if she becomes pregnant," he said. "I told her I meant business."

—*San Francisco Examiner, June 17, 1979*

■ U.S. Attorney Earl J. Silbert . . . yesterday criticized as "totally inadequate" sentences imposed by a federal judge on two General Services Administration contractors. . . . The sentences in question involve a $5,000 fine, probation and 200 hours of community service each for two GSA contractors who admitted receiving $1.2 million in government funds for work never performed.

—*Washington Post, May 26, 1979*

Tut, tut

■ The Soviet Union today pulled an abrupt about-face against its former ally, deposed Ugandan dictator Idi Amin, denouncing him and giving unqualified support to the Tanzanian-backed invasion that toppled him....

[The Soviet weekly] New Times said of Amin's government that it "did not always find rational solutions to social and economic problems, often committed serious administrative errors and did not take into account the interests of all groups of the population."

—*Washington Post, April 30, 1979*

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The SALT debate

Why the hawks are wrong

AFTER YEARS OF NEGOTIATION, THE United States and the Soviet Union have signed a new strategic arms limitation treaty to replace the SALT I agreement that expired last year. The treaty now goes to the Senate for its advice and consent; hearings began in July and the debate is expected to last until November.

Unfortunately, the early indications are that the debate will focus on narrowly technical issues, such as verification or the capabilities of the Soviet Backfire bomber. Because these matters can be discussed intelligently only by experts who have access to secret information, ordinary citizens will be cut out of the debate, and senators—most of whom are hardly better versed in the arcana of nuclear wizardry—will end up casting their votes on the side of whichever set of experts inspires their faith. However, there is no reason why this should be so. Much of the jargon surrounding nuclear matters is a smoke screen to hide the moral and political decisions being imposed on us by policymakers. The spotlight in the SALT debate should not be focused on the mad arithmetic of nuclear holocaust—who, after all, is going to be alive to tote up the final score? Instead, the debate should center on questions of real substance: Why does the United States deploy nuclear weapons? Under what circumstances should American leaders use them? Against what targets? In defense of which interests?

So far, only the conservative opponents of the SALT II treaty have addressed these issues. In the following dialogue, we examine their arguments.

What will the SALT II agreement do?

The new treaty for the first time places equal ceilings on the number of strategic nuclear systems deployed by the United States and the Soviet Union. Under the treaty, which will run until the end of 1985, each side will be limited to 2400 strategic weapons: bombers, intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs), and submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). This ceiling will be lowered to 2250 in 1982. The treaty also imposes sublimits on various types of weapons. Neither side may have a total of more than 1320 multiple-warhead missiles and bombers with cruise missiles, and only 820 of these may be ICBMs. The treaty also limits the Soviet Union to the 308 "heavy" missiles it has already deployed; the United States has no such weapon, and has no plans to develop one.

Then it's true that SALT will slow down the arms race?

Not really. The Soviets, who now have 2504 strategic systems, will have to destroy some of their weapons; the United States, with 2283, will have to make no cuts. But neither nation has as many multiple-warhead weapons as the treaty allows, and before the treaty expires, both sides will have greatly expanded their arsenals. If the United States carries out planned increases, its strategic nuclear force, which now totals 9,200 warheads, will have 11,400 to 12,000 warheads when SALT expires. The Soviets will have meanwhile doubled their current total of 5,000.

That doesn't much sound like arms control.

It isn't. And the future looks even worse. The treaty puts only minor restraints on the development of new and more deadly weapons. Both countries will be permitted to develop one new land-based missile and there are no restrictions on creating new submarine-launched missiles. Although the treaty prevents significant modernization of existing ICBMs, it does not prohibit the testing of strategic systems, which means that the military industries will diligently continue to increase the yield and accuracy of warheads.

Doesn't the protocol to the treaty put some limits on new weapons?

Yes, it does. The protocol, which runs until the end of 1981, prohibits testing or deploying mobile ICBMs and bans sea- or ground-launched cruise missiles with ranges of more than 360 miles. These limits apply mainly to weapons the United States is currently developing. However, the restrictions will have no practical effect. These weapons will not be ready for use until after the protocol expires. And since American defense planners seem eager to add the MX mobile missile to the U.S. arsenal, it's unlikely the protocol will be renewed. So it seems safe to say about SALT II what was often said about SALT I: The treaty will allow each country all the new weapons systems it really wants.

If that's the case, then what's the cause of all of the fuss over the treaty? The 1972 SALT I agreements, which allowed the Soviets more missiles than the United States, sailed through the Senate with only two dissenting votes. Now, with a treaty that puts equal limits on the strategic forces of both nations, the outcome of the Senate vote is in doubt. What has caused the change?

It's true that this time the debate is about more than the treaty itself. Remember that in 1972, when President Nixon submitted the first SALT agreement to the Senate, the United States was still embroiled in Indochina, defense spending was under attack, and foreign-policy hawks were in retreat. Remember, too, that despite the Nixon administration's decision to emphasize a doctrine of nuclear "sufficiency," the United States retained a clear lead in nuclear weapons. It was still far ahead of the Russians in

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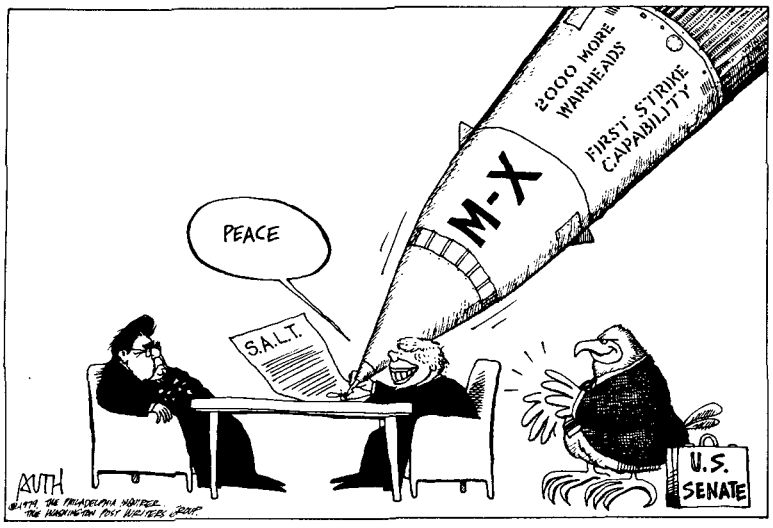

multiple-warhead technology, its missiles were more reliable and accurate, and hawks discomforted by the Soviet advantage in missile numbers could hope that the generation of new strategic weapons on American drawing boards would guarantee a U.S. edge into the foreseeable future.

Now all of that has changed. The Soviets, as might have been predicted, have begun to achieve strategic equality, and more than likely, they will surpass the United States in many categories during the next decade, no matter what the United States does in the short run. This has given hard-liners a convenient issue. Now that the antiwar, antimilitary mood of the late sixties and early seventies has lifted, conservatives have seized the political initiative they lost a decade ago. And though their challenge is ostensibly mounted against the new SALT treaty, the real objective of the hawks' current offensive is to reverse détente, reinstitute the doctrine of worldwide containment of Communism, and go beyond nuclear deterrence to a strategic posture that would allow American nuclear weapons to become effective tools of diplomacy and, if necessary, war-fighting.

If that's the case, why are they challenging the SALT treaty?

Because it ratifies equality, not superiority.

That's pretty cynical.

Perhaps. But a look at the hard-liners' case against SALT makes it plain that they're less concerned about the treaty than with redirecting American strategic and foreign policy.

What are their complaints about the treaty?

The SALT II treaty, says Eugene Rostow, chairman of the executive committee of the Committee on the Present Danger, is "an expression of American acquiescence in the Soviet drive for overwhelming military superiority." According to Rostow and other critics, it will ratify American strategic inferiority, slow U.S. arms programs, leave the nation without a credible deterrent to a Soviet first strike, and prevent the United States from responding to Communist aggression around the world. They also charge that the treaty gives the Soviets unfair advantages and that it cannot be verified. To the hawks, SALT II represents both a failure of judgment and a loss of nerve.

That's a long laundry list. Sort it out item by item. Why do they say that the treaty is unverifiable?

Mainly they are concerned about the loss of electronic monitoring stations in Iran that had been used to spy on Soviet missile tests.

Isn't that a problem?

Yes, it is. The administration concedes that the loss of the stations has deprived intelligence analysts of some information about Soviet missile programs, but they say that they will be able to see that the Soviets aren't cheating. Opponents of the treaty, happy to make debating points, dispute this. What the hawks don't say is that the monitoring problem will be even worse if the treaty is voted down: The agreement prohibits the Soviets from encrypting the information radioed back to earth from test missiles. Intelligence analysts will know more with the treaty than they would without it. Nothing in SALT II prevents us from improving our electronic and satellite monitoring systems, and we should continue to do so.

But the opponents of the treaty say that SALT II will leave us in a position of strategic inferiority.

It is true that by the middle 1980s the Soviet Union will have a strategic force superior in some ways to ours. Though the Soviets will have fewer warheads than the United States, they will have more than twice as many of the highly accurate warheads deployed on land-based missiles. In theory, this force will be capable of wiping out 90 percent of our land-based missiles in a surprise attack.

Isn't that a pretty good argument against SALT?

Not really. The balance of strategic forces in the mid-eighties will not be the result of SALT II; instead, it will be the consequence of two decades of policy decisions by Soviet and American leaders. From the day the Nixon administration decided to reject the Soviet proposal to ban multiple warheads, it was almost inevitable that the Russians would someday deploy thousands of multiple warheads accurate enough to threaten America's fixed ICBMs. This is not a problem that has sneaked up on American leaders; it has been foreseen for over a decade. And it is not a situation that SALT II could have changed—neither side was willing to make drastic reductions in its strategic forces.

What you're saying, then, is that the hawks aren't so much opposed to SALT II as they are to American strategic policy.

That's correct. SALT II merely ratifies the strategic balance as it now exists. If the treaty is defeated, the strategic picture in 1985 will probably look the same as if the treaty had gone into effect. (Or worse, for the United States. Because the Soviets are now deploying a new generation of missiles, they could probably produce many more by 1985 than they would be allowed under the treaty. On the other hand, even an American crash program could have little chance of deploying a significant number of new weapons by that date.)

According to the hawks, what's wrong with our present strategic posture?

They have two complaints. The first is that our nuclear forces are no longer capable of deterring a Soviet first strike.

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They say that because the Soviets will soon be able to wipe out our ICBMs in a first strike, our threat of retaliation is no longer credible. They have a scenario: The Soviet Union attacks with one-third of its ICBM force, blowing up most of our Minuteman missiles in their silos and killing 20 million Americans. The President is faced with either ordering our submarines and bombers to attack Soviet military bases, industry, and cities—knowing that the Russians will obliterate American cities in return—or surrendering to Soviet political demands. Opponents of SALT imply that the President would probably back down.

But what Soviet leader would risk such an attack? Suppose, for a moment, that the scenario were reversed: The United States launches its 1054 ICBMs against the Soviets in a first-strike attack, wiping out all of Russia's modern, multiple-warhead ICBMs and the half of its submarine force not on alert. This would leave the Soviets with fewer than 2000 warheads; the residual American force would total more than 6000. (By contrast, a Soviet first strike would leave the two countries with approximately equal numbers of warheads.) Still, with its remaining weapons the Soviet Union could destroy the United States. We take it for granted that no American President would gamble 160 million lives on the slim hope that the Soviets would not retaliate against a first strike. It's ridiculous to believe that the Soviets are any more suicidal. Remember, just two Trident submarines could launch 392 warheads, enough to obliterate their major cities and industries.

Once this hoary scenario is dismissed, we discover the hawks' real complaint against our strategic posture: Nuclear balance and mutual deterrence make it impossible for the United States to use its strategic weapons as instruments of political influence and diplomacy.

How's that?

As long as the United States had vastly superior strategic forces, American threats—whether implied or explicit—to use nuclear weapons carried a certain weight. Those threats are no longer credible.

Does that make any difference?

It does to hawks like Paul Nitze and Eugene Rostow. Says Nitze: "The prudence, and therefore the likelihood, of either the Soviet Union or the United States using conventional or theater nuclear weapons . . . is importantly affected by the confidence it has in the quality of its strategic intercontinental nuclear forces relative to those of the other side." Or, as Rostow puts it: "The absence of effective American nuclear deterrence—that is, the erosion or neutralization of our second-strike capability—would deny all credibility to our *conventional*-force deterrent. No one would believe that we would send in the Marines if they could be counterattacked by locally superior Soviet or satellite troops and our second-strike capability was in doubt."

In plain English, the hawks are worried that the United States won't intervene in crises around the world if it can't cover the weakness of its political position or its conventional forces with a superior arsenal of nuclear warheads.

Don't they have a point there?

Yes, they do, but it's not a new one. Ever since the fifties, policymakers have been trying to figure out how to defend America's far-flung interests in a world in which the Soviets could retaliate destructively against any American nuclear attack. The Kennedy administration tried to solve the problem by building strategic weapons capable of deterring any Soviet nuclear attack and by fielding a conventional force able to intervene in crises and "brush-fire wars" around the globe. That policy was tested in Vietnam, with unforgettable results.

But how can we regain the ability to intervene?

We can't, and we shouldn't. In criticizing the administration, the hawks are right when they argue that there is a gap between the wide scope of American commitments and the strategic and conventional forces deployed to carry them out. In a world of strategic equivalence, nuclear threats aren't very effective. Even the nuclear umbrella we hold over our European and Japanese allies is no longer wholly credible. Europeans worry, rightly, that an American President wouldn't risk New York to defend Berlin.

But Nitze and his friends are wrong when they suggest that the United States can somehow turn back the clock to the time when American superiority was unquestioned. The Soviets have effectively bridged the technological gap in the arms race, and from now on, every American weapon will be neutralized by a Soviet response. For every MX, there will be a Soviet counterpart. The era of American superiority is over.

Aren't you suggesting that a total rethinking of U.S. foreign and strategic policy is needed?

That's right. The hawks are using the SALT debate as a forum to question the entire drift of U.S. policy, but those who oppose intervention and support peace have been slow to reply with a systematic critique of their own. No good purpose would be served by the defeat of the SALT II treaty in the Senate, but passage of the treaty will move us no closer to the kind of policy reexamination that we need.

What kind of policy do we need?

That's too big a question to answer adequately here. But on the issue of strategic arms, it's possible to say that SALT II, and the weapons Carter will deploy to get it through the Senate, are steps in the wrong direction. Our strategic arsenal should be designed exclusively to defeat a nuclear attack on the United States. This means uncoupling our strategic weapons from our overseas commitments and eliminating from our arsenal all weapons designed solely for first-strike attacks. We should maintain the minimum arsenal necessary to destroy the war-making capacity of any nation that would attack us. This means having an assured capability to knock out its war industries, transport, energy supplies, armies, and weapons. Such retaliation should be designed to kill as few civilians as possible; the deliberate destruction of cities should be considered only after attacks on our cities. For these purposes, we would not need exact parity with the Soviets. We could have security with a much smaller force than we have now.

Put so simply, this alternative policy may appear no match for the convoluted and esoteric arguments conjured up by the nuclear experts. But it's a far more realistic approach to the complexities of today's world than the one now forced on us by our leaders. It would be a policy in keeping with the moral values of our political heritage. And it would give us an opportunity to get off the SALT treadmill and start down the road toward genuine arms control. ❑

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Mobilizing the economy

Coupons in every garage

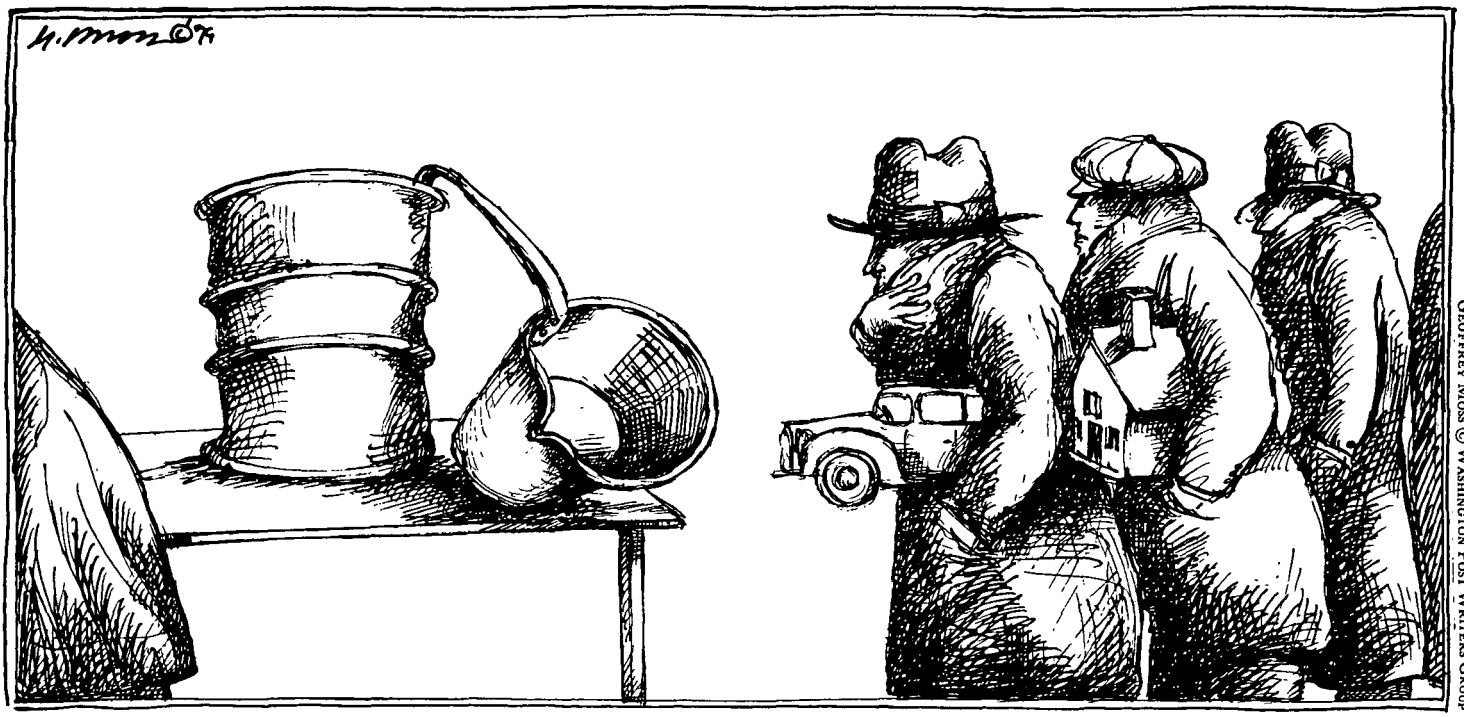
AS PART OF ITS FAR-FLUNG AND LONG-standing exercise in "social responsibility," Mobil Oil has now come out in favor of gasoline rationing in its nationwide ad campaign. After making the usual ritualistic obeisance to "our opposition to increases in governmental bureaucratic interference with individual daily life-style," Mobil, in seeming sadness, asserts the need for federal gasoline rationing, so long as any gasoline shortage persists—and Mobil looks forward to such shortages being "with us for a long time." Accordingly, Mobil Oil advocates federal legislation for standby gasoline rationing, which the administration could activate on short notice. The law, says Mobil, should provide "a minimum guarantee of gasoline for every car (with a reasonable limitation per household)," along with a "government-run 'white market' " where people in need of extra ration tickets could buy them from those enjoying surplus, and, finally, there should be "as few exceptions as possible" and equal treatment for all. All this, ostensibly, with a view to reducing the cost of bureaucracy, and to managing our alleged gasoline shortage "as efficiently as possible, with the fewest disruptions and the greatest retention of individual freedom of choice."

The "no exceptions" program in the name of equality should prove instructive. Are we to prescribe the same number of gallons per week for those who must commute to work as for those who use their cars for pleasure jaunts, for doctors who must rush to their patients, and whatever? If the government, as Mobil suggests, is to distribute gasoline coupons that can later be sold on a "white market," why are these coupons to go only to Americans who own cars? Since the coupons are valuable and salable, they ought, if equality is going to govern decisions, to be given to all, including those who walk, take a bus, or don't own cars. The Mobil program sounds like compelled inequality of misery, rather than the equality Mobil pretends to seek.

But let us look to the broader implications of Mobil's discovery of social responsibility. Why has Mobil forgotten that one of the most important functions of a free-price system is to ration goods and services? That extra ration tickets on top of the use of money are inevitably bureaucratic, dictatorial, and wasteful? And that it is absurd to engineer a government-run market in coupons because there is another, already existing coupon that enables people to buy things they want, namely, dollars?

There are two ways to interpret Mobil's selective amnesia as to the functions of the price system. The slightly kinder view is that Mobil assumes that in any case we are stuck with existing governmental price controls on oil and gas; in this view while the company is aware that price controls create shortages, Mobil doesn't really care whether the free-price system or government bureaucrats ration the supply of oil during this shortage. After all, why should Mobil care whether consumers have to suffer weekends of going without, or whether they spend hours in long gas lines while radiators and tempers boil over? Why not pick up a few Brownie points by trumpeting the oil company's allegedly enlightened liberalism?

But there is a darker view of Mobil's actions. Shortly before its ad campaign for rationing in late June, Mobil came out against decontrol of domestic crude oil prices. In short, Mobil actively favors continuation of the current price-control system for oil and gas. It is shrewd enough to know that the result will be a shortage and that during such shortages supplies have to be rationed in some way. A free-



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price solution to rationing is precisely what Mobil does not want.

Why doesn't Mobil want to repeal price controls? Because, contrary to popular mythology, "oil" is not a monolithic industry. There are, for example, crude-oil producers, and there are refiners who purchase crude. As a refiner and importer of foreign crude, Mobil benefits from the "entitlements" program, a complex system by which the federal government heavily subsidizes American refiners for purchases of foreign crude oil. These subsidies come in the form of "entitlements" to purchase domestic crude at fixed low prices. Of all the major oil companies, Mobil is the biggest buyer of price-controlled domestic crude, and is relatively big in refining as compared to crude production. Hence, Mobil is subsidized and privileged by the price-control program.

And so, beware businesses when they start trumpeting their altruism and social responsibility. It is a sure sign that they are about to try to fleece the public. ❑

Closed doors everywhere

Vietnam exodus

WHEN MALAYSIA'S DEPUTY PRIME minister, Mahathir Mohamed, threatened to have all Vietnamese "boat people" shot on sight, he was expressing the often-veiled hostility thus far shown by the governments of the world toward these pitiful victims of tyranny and oppression. Though Mahathir's comments were repudiated by the Malaysian government two days after they were reported, Malaysia immediately began a concerted effort to force newly arriving boats back to sea.

The plight of Vietnamese refugees and expellees in Malaysia has attracted worldwide attention. Some are exiled from Vietnam because they have a Chinese spouse or grandparent; others because they are deemed politically unreliable; still others choose to flee because of racial discrimination or expropriation of their means of livelihood. Regardless of why they left, all are uprooted, dispossessed, homeless.

Yet neither the less devcloped nor the advanced industrial nations welcome them. The preferred solution of government leaders around the world is to put pressure on Hanoi to seal its coast and let no one else escape. In essence, these rulers with a humanitarian face are begging for a "Berlin Wall" in Indochina.

Over half a million Vietnamese have fled since the fall of the Saigon regime. The initial wave of 135,000 left what was a war zone immediately after the collapse of the southern government. But the refugees and expellees who have since left are fleeing from a peace they cannot abide. They are leaving behind a conscription that compels them to fight and die in Cambodia, pervasive regulations that have crippled the people's initiative in rebuilding a war-torn economy, and official racial discrimination that denies to Vietnamese of Chinese ancestry jobs, schooling, and rations; they are left with the choice of rural labor camps or perilous emigration by boat. Those leaving Vietnam risk rape and robbery by pirates; death from thirst, starvation, disease, or drowning; and, eventually, an unfriendly reception when they touch on foreign soil.

The treatment the Vietnamese government accords these refugees on their departure seems to epitomize that regime's attitude toward all the people under its control. Hanoi's extractive taxes on those going into exile grant human beings less dignity than a miner gives a vein of ore. An official "expatriate departure tax" of up to $4000 per person is imposed on all organized refugee groups; groups that do not pay are fired on by coastal patrols.

Malaysia and Indonesia do not want these immigrants because Southeast Asia is already rife with anti-Chinese hatred born of resentment of Chinese commercial achievements. The governments of Japan, Britain, and underpopulated Australia all want to maintain a racially homogeneous population. Rather than limiting themselves to administering a few matters of common interest, these governments consider maintaining social unity through racial purity as part of their prerogative. (Recall Margaret Thatcher's antiimmigration remarks during her recent campaign.)

When a poor country with a stagnant economy turns away refugees, it is often because of a confused sense of the sources of economic well-being. When an advanced, industrial society with liberal pretensions refuses to offer displaced persons asylum and a chance at a new life, its policy is inexcusably hypocritical. Poor countries could proclaim that refugees are welcome to uninhabited, uncultivated land, while adding, as Indonesia did in offering an island resettlement site, that the country cannot bear the cost of developing and maintaining refugee settlements. Rich countries with growing economies can absorb refugees with little difficulty.

The claim that taking in large numbers of refugees would contribute substantially to unemployment is simply unfounded. The University of Maryland's Darrel Montero has shown that in America 94 percent of all male Vietnamese refugee household-heads are employed, 51 percent of the households are earning more than $800 per month, and only 3 percent are earning less than $200 per month.

A Justice Department official who regularly handles immigration and refugee problems told the *Washington Post* that the Carter administration has refused, for domestic political reasons, to let down the barriers that keep out these refugees. While there is much talk about health hazards and the need for adequate processing of newcomers, the real source of delay in admitting the Vietnamese is fear of the political consequences should they crowd out blacks and Hispanics from job-training programs and other welfare-state activities. The *Post* goes on to quote one official from a "major civil rights organization" who said of the Vietnamese boat people: "We don't need any more of these people coming in here." He likened them to undocumented Mexican workers and indicated that both groups should be kept out. Welfare-state programs by their very existence inevitably foster such rivalry among prospective beneficiaries that is, in its virulence, a constant affront to the proclaimed intentions of the welfare state. It is repugnant for a government that proclaims at its portals that it is a haven for the wretched of the earth, to turn away so much as one person in search of a refuge from any form of oppression. That it would do so in the case of thousands of Vietnamese boat people is a national shame. ❑

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PHIL STANFORD

An echo, not a choice

IT WILL PERHAPS BE NO more than an ironic footnote for future historians—or, supposing the worst, archeologists—that the same President who campaigned for office promising to work for "zero nuclear weapons" has offered us a strategic arms limitation treaty that would greatly increase the numbers of nuclear weapons held by both this country and the USSR. According to official estimates, under SALT II, by 1985 the number of nuclear weapons deployed by the United States will have risen from the current 9,200 to 12,000. Russia's nuclear arsenal will have increased from 5,000 to 10,000. All this, of course, is being promoted by President Carter and his liberal supporters in the name of imposing "rationality" on the arms race. It is enough to give rationality a bad name—if a generation of such statements hasn't done so already.

Nevertheless, conservatives in the Senate and elsewhere consider the treaty too soft on the Russkies. Considering the numbers, it is difficult to see what would satisfy them short of an all-out nuclear war, but that's the way they feel. Senator Henry Jackson, for example, has accused Carter of pursuing a policy of "appeasement," and other spokesmen described SALT II as terms for a "phased surrender" to the Kremlin. Perhaps the best you can say for their argument is that at least they don't claim to have rationality on their side.

Truly, it has been a strange debate. Shortly before he departed for Vienna to meet Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, Carter attempted to curry favor among the conservatives by announcing his support for the MX missile. As you probably know, the MX is a large, mobile, land-based missile, which the Pentagon says we need because our current Minuteman missiles will someday be vulnerable to a Soviet attack. (Never mind that even if the Russians succeeded in wiping out our entire force of land-based missiles, we would still have enough nuclear weapons on bombers and submarines to destroy their country.) Because the MX would be mobile, making it safe from an attack by even the most accurate Soviet missile, it would also be difficult for the Russians to keep track of. Or to use the lingo of military planners, it would present a verification problem.

The President who pledged to work for "zero nuclear weapons" supports a treaty that increases weapons held by both countries.

It should also be noted that the MX the Pentagon wants would be considerably bigger than any of our current land-based missiles, and, with its added nuclear payload, capable of threatening the USSR's land-based missiles. In other words, in an effort to win Senate support for an arms limitation treaty that actually allows for an increase in the numbers of nuclear weapons, Carter has agreed to build a weapon that would make that treaty doubly meaningless.

To date, only Senators George McGovern, Mark Hatfield, and William Proxmire have called SALT II into question for these reasons. As they said in a letter to Carter earlier this year, the treaty "appears simply to redirect the arms race into new arenas of technological exploitation." Carter, they said, was paying "too high a price" for conservative support, and they suggested that they might vote against SALT II because it did so little to curb the nuclear arms race.

Of course, it remains to be seen whether their threat to vote against SALT II is anything more than a political bluff. At the moment, all three are "keeping their options open." But even if they eventually take a stand against ratification, their votes will serve mainly as a reminder of the desperate weakness today of what most people would call a "liberal alternative" in U.S. foreign and military policy.

SALT is hardly an isolated example. The military budget is on the rise. There is a move under way to reinstate the draft. High government officials are talking about the feasibility of military intervention to "protect" oil supply lines, and in fact, the Pentagon is organizing a 110,000-man strike force that could be used for such a purpose. Less than five years after the fall of Saigon, a new, ominous belligerence is in the air in Washington.

AT LEAST SOME OF THE new belligerence is entirely predictable. There has always been a conservative, bomb-'em-back-to-the-stone-age faction in this country, and, not surprisingly, there still is. If there is any difference today, it is that they are better organized and more politically sophisticated than they once were. (The Committee on the Present Danger is perhaps the most prominent of the new right-wing groups, but there are a number of others, all of which seem to compete with each other to see who can publish the most exuberantly bellicose newsletter.)

Not long ago, for example, the Institute of American Relations announced that General Lewis W. Walt, former assistant commandant of the Marine Corps, had joined its policy board. General Walt, noted the institute's newsletter, is "a hero in the classic sense . . . He performed meritoriously in all his assignments including his most demanding one—that of commander of U.S. Marine forces in Vietnam. In that capacity, General Walt and his command of 125,000 men

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performed heroically, inflicting heavy casualties on the Communist forces while operating under severe restraints imposed on them from Washington." The newsletter continues with the text of a speech Walt had recently delivered to a gathering of congressional aides. "First," said the general, "let me say that it is my most sincere belief that due to our inadequate defenses, our United States, as a free nation, is in mortal danger." Perhaps you will excuse me if I don't quote the entire speech.

There is, of course, nothing at all surprising about General Walt's speech. There will always be a knee-jerk right wing. What is surprising, however, is that time and time again we hear the same general sentiments—although, of course in a more reasonable sounding version—from liberals these days. To be sure, Walt and his friends oppose the SALT II treaty, favored by most traditional liberals, on the presumption that strategic superiority would be a useful political instrument. Otherwise, however, liberals seem to share the belief that it is time for the United States to get tough with the Russians, to be prepared to flex its military muscles in Third World countries.

Liberals believe that it's time for the U.S. to get tough with the Russians, to flex its military muscles in the Third World.

The recent emanations of the liberal columnists are a good indication. Joseph Kraft, for example, has become positively buggy on the subject of America's loss of will. When Carter traveled to the Mideast earlier this year, Kraft saw his attempt to accommodate Sadat and Begin as a reminder of "how far the United States has to go to reassert its position in the world. And by 'us,' I mean not just the president, and the administration and the Congress, but all of us." Lately, Kraft has been particularly exercised about the failure of U.S. will in Iran. Even James (wee Jimmy) Reston has expressed his desire for a more staunch foreign and military policy. As he wrote earlier this year, "The argument for a collective security arrangement in the Middle East, economic and military, is much stronger than it was for Southeast Asia in the 1950's and 60's."

Columnists like Kraft and Reston are not so much "opinion molders" as they are bellwethers. They can usually be counted on to reflect what the liberal establishment is thinking at any given moment. And at this moment the thinking of corporate liberals, like that of conservatives, is running to a new get-tough military policy. Only the details of that policy remain to be ironed out. The role of liberals has become little more than to try to moderate conservative programs, and the prospects for any enlightened behavior from Congress are at this point quite dim.

The best explanation of the current trend that I have heard comes from Alex Knopp, an aide to Senator McGovern. As Knopp sees it, the current political climate is a direct result of this country's loss in Vietnam, which on the one hand galvanized the right wing, and on the other left liberals without a foreign policy of their own. "During Vietnam," he says, "liberals united for five to seven years in opposition to the war. But once the war ended, it left liberals without cohesion or a world view to contend with the world view of the right."

As a consequence, Knopp says, most liberal members of Congress are forced to deal with defense issues on an ad hoc basis. For example, some might vote for the neutron bomb but against the MX. Or some might vote against the MX but for a 3 percent real growth in military spending. "The result is that every specific issue becomes a platform for the conservatives to put forth their general world view—that American world status is eroding to the benefit of the Soviet Union." Taiwan, the Panama Canal, SALT, Iran, the military budget, and the draft are examples. Not surprisingly, says Knopp, the conservatives are winning. "What we are witnessing today," he says, "is the ascendance of the right-wing world view and the complete disintegration of the liberal position."

POLITICS

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

Hiroshima's hidden victims

IT IS NOW CERTAIN THAT the atomic bomb that destroyed Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, killing 70,000 Japanese, also claimed as victims American prisoners of war being held in the city. Since 1945, Pentagon officials have repeatedly denied having evidence that the first atomic bomb killed any Americans, and since 1973, when a St. Louis fire burned army personnel records, they have contended that they cannot even check on the matter. But government documents and the testimony of former servicemen indicate that the U.S. military has been concealing information about the deaths of American POWs for thirty-four years. They reveal, too, that the Japanese government has withheld information in its possession, attempting to cover up its own atrocities against American prisoners who were used as live "guinea pigs" in medical experiments.

Despite official denials, the army learned soon after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima that a number of American POWs had been killed. According to a secret U.S. Army message of September 23, 1945, the American Red Cross had informed the War Department that one airman, Sergeant Ralph J. Neal of the 866th Bomb Squadron, had been "wounded by the atomic bomb on 6 August . . . and subsequently died on 9 August. Apparently 2 or possibly 3 more airmen of the same crew [the "Lonesome Lady," a B-24 shot down on July 28 about thirty miles from Hiroshima] who are now missing possibly died as a result of the Hiroshima bombing." On

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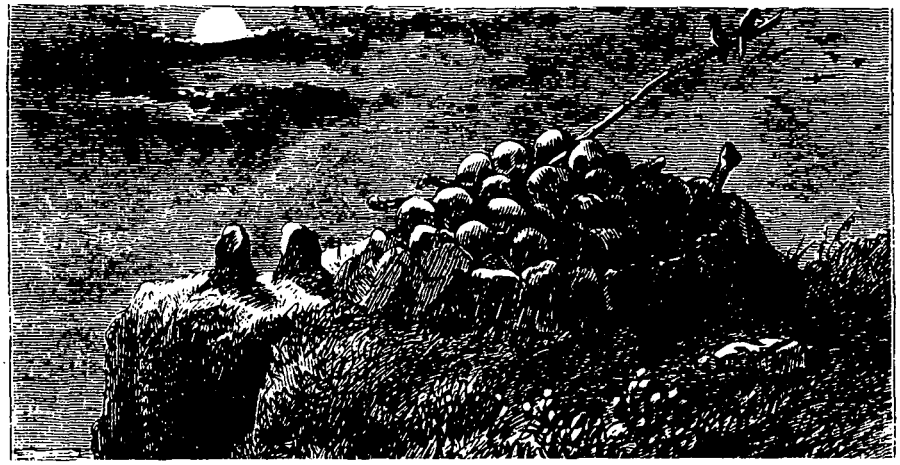
September 23, the air force reported that at least two members of the "Lonesome Lady" crew, including Lieutenant Thomas Cartwright, the pilot, had been recovered alive.

On the same day, army headquarters in the Pacific directed the Sixth Army, then in the Hiroshima area, "to investigate fully and report all available information" on six members of the crew and on other American A-bomb victims.

On October 9, in a secret message, Sixth Army headquarters replied: "Neal, one Norman Roland Brisset, one Blankbek, and 17 other Americans



(names unknown) were being held in Hiroshima at the time of atomic bombing. All except Neal and Brisset [who died later] were killed instantly, as a result of wounds sustained in bombing." The secret message stated that the records gathered during the investigation would be sent to Pacific headquarters, and that there would be further efforts to identify the seventeen unnamed Americans.

What happened to these records gathered by the Sixth Army in 1945? Did the Sixth Army learn more about the unidentified seventeen? Were there further investigations by the Sixth Army? It is impossible to answer these questions definitively; the necessary materials cannot be located by officials at the National Archives and Pentagon sources deny all knowledge of the subject.

Until 1970 there were rumors and suspicions that the A-bomb might have killed some American POWs at Hiroshima, but there was no *publicly* available evidence on the subject. The key documents—including the messages of September 23 and October 9—were kept classified. Other evidence may have been lost or destroyed. Even Lieutenant Cartwright, the pilot of the "Lonesome Lady" who had left six crew members behind a few days before the A-bomb attack, in a city that he assumed was Hiroshima, never received replies to his queries from the War Department. And the Japanese, who had some records from 1945 or early 1946 on American victims of the atomic bomb, including the six men from Cartwright's plane, remained silent after apparently giving American authorities a list of names in the months after the Hiroshima bombing.

In July 1970, a key participant broke the silence and provided some unsettling evidence. A former officer in the Japanese secret police stated that he had been in charge of twenty-three American prisoners at Hiroshima. He said that U.S. army intelligence had interrogated him on four occasions in 1946, and that he had explained that the bomb had killed the POWs but that their identification tags, which had been kept in a safe, had survived. The tags had been given to army intelligence.

What happened to the tags and the intelligence reports? Were both sets of materials lost in a bureaucratic maze? Or was the information suppressed somewhere along the line? Even if the documents and tags were lost, why didn't anyone push an investigation on the basis of the general information about these matters? Indirect evidence suggests that there was no enthusiasm for revealing—much less pursuing—ugly facts that could embarrass the American military and raise new moral doubts about the use of the atomic bomb against Japan.

In 1975, two former American airmen who had been shot down two days *after* the Hiroshima bombing provided some additional information on POWs killed by the atomic bomb. The two reported that on August 16 their captors took them to meet Neal and Brisset, who were both dying of radiation poisoning. The dying airmen explained that they had been in Hiroshima when the bomb was dropped and had survived the blast by jumping into a cesspool. Brisset said that the other ten American POWs with him and Neal had been killed outright by the bomb. In view of Cartwright's recollections and Neal's presence, the ten probably included the other five crew members of the "Lonesome Lady."

The War Department never informed any of the families—not even Neal's, where the evidence was firm—that the men had been killed by the atomic bomb. Nor were the families told what a recently uncovered Japanese report discloses: The remains of the dead airmen had been recovered and turned over to the U.S. Army in December 1945. In 1949, the American military held a memorial service for eight men, including five crew members of the "Lonesome Lady." But only one casket was buried, one mother reported, and even that one was symbolic, for there were no remains inside. "There was nothing there," she said. The military was "just pretending to bring them home." In their mass grave, at Jefferson Barracks Army Cemetery in St. Louis, the tombstone lists their names and gives as their date of death August 6, 1945. How the military determined the date of their deaths, but not the cause, remains officially unanswered.

Sergeant Neal's mother, who learned through the press in 1975 that the airmen had met with her dying son thirty years earlier, has been trying to get from the Department of Defense an official account of the flier's death. According to her attorney, who is working through a local congressman, "The Department of Defense says they're 'in the process' of looking into it. But they've been in the process for a long time now."

MORE INFORMATION, and some misinformation, on the American atomic bomb victims has continued to trickle out. Late in 1977, an official Japanese report (in English) from 1945 or 1946 was found in the Japanese Foreign Ministry records; it identified twenty American POWs killed by the Hiroshima bomb. The list included Brisset, the six airmen from the "Lonesome Lady," and two others, whose names appear on the St. Louis tombstone. The list also included names of eleven

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more, nine of them, including Dale Blankbek, described as having been captured hundreds of miles from Hiroshima. Why were these nine men moved to Hiroshima in wartime when transportation facilities were strained?

Last summer, information became available to solve this puzzle: The nine had *not* been moved to Hiroshima but eight of them were used in medical experiments on humans at Kyushu University. Two former Japanese army officers revealed that the Japanese army had sought to conceal these atrocities by adding the nine names to the list of atomic bomb victims in Hiroshima. The document was undoubtedly given to American authorities, but both the National Archives and the Pentagon deny any knowledge of it. It is just one of many records on the atomic bomb victims that American authorities lost or disposed of over the years. (Ironically, the attempted Japanese cover-up of atrocities partly failed. Other evidence allowed the International Military Tribunal of the Far East to sentence twenty-three people connected with the experiments.)

Governments often employ secrecy and deception to cover up mistakes, hide ugly facts, protect their own officials and agencies, and block information that might alter attitudes on critical issues. In this case, the evidence gathered in 1945 by the Red Cross and the Sixth Army, though incomplete, was firm enough to prove that some American POWs had been victims of the first atomic bomb. But the U.S. government kept silent. Was this simply bureaucratic oversight? More likely, the military preferred to suppress the evidence, protecting the reputations of American decision-makers and blocking any moral doubts at home about the combat use of the atomic bomb.

Over the years, Hiroshima city officials have asked the American government for the names of the American POWs killed in the first atomic bombing. One mayor promised to ask the Hiroshima municipal assembly "to take steps to enable us to enshrine them in the cenotaph in our Peace Park." In time, perhaps, if the United States government officially provides the names of these Americans, they will join the many thousands of Japanese memorialized in the cenotaph, which bears the words:

REST IN PEACE.
THE MISTAKE
SHALL NOT BE REPEATED.

POLITICS

BROOKE GLADSTONE

The case against the MX

ON JUNE 8, PRESIDENT Carter announced his long-awaited decision to go with the air force's newest and deadliest brainchild, the Missile Experimental or, more commonly, the MX. His decision will undoubtedly improve his chances of winning Senate ratification of the SALT treaty, but the ground gained in the cause of strategic arms control may not equal the ground lost.

Of the three versions of the new missile offered him, the President opted for the largest possible MX. At 190,000 pounds, and 92 inches in diameter, the model Carter chose is too big for deployment on submarines or airplanes; land basing is the only option. But exactly how to base the MX has generated more controversy than even the missile itself. The current basing mode for Minuteman missiles, fixed silos, was deemed inadequate by a Congress convinced that the expansion and refinement of Soviet ICBM forces increasingly jeopardizes our own ICBMs, thereby eroding the deterrent once supplied by an awesome triad of strategic forces: bombers, submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs), and intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). It is commonly, though by no means unanimously, held that only a new missile in a mobile mode can successfully counter the threat of a Soviet first strike, and therein lies the primary justification for the MX.

A breakthrough in war technology, the MX will carry more than triple the number of warheads on the current Minuteman III, and each warhead will be twice as powerful. The most striking development, however, is the MX Advanced Inertial Reference Sphere (AIRS) guidance system. It will enable the missile to achieve an accuracy of 300 feet, an increase of 100 percent over the NS-20 guidance system in the Minuteman III. This degree of accuracy is unnecessary for all but the smallest and hardest of targets: missile silos, command-control-communication centers, and warhead storage sites, i.e., counterforce targets.

Proponents of the MX do not dwell on the awesome offensive power of the new weapon. To them, the appeal of MX is invulnerability, not lethality. Like Congress, the Pentagon believes that our Minuteman missiles will soon be vulnerable to a Soviet first strike, and to illustrate the urgent need for a survivable ICBM, it has devised a "nightmare scenario" that runs as follows:

The Russians attack, wiping out 90 percent of our ICBM force, 70 percent of our bombers, and 40 percent of our submarines. With thousands of bombs and SLBM warheads remaining, we could choose to fire upon their cities—but that would invite fatal escalation, for the Soviets would certainly respond in kind. According to this scenario, the large Soviet ICBM force left after the first strike would keep us in check, and we would thus be forced into passive acceptance of Red incursions throughout the Free World.

Even if one assumes for a moment the plausibility of this scenario, the Pentagon's case for the MX is still flawed. If vulnerability is the only issue here, why buy a new missile with many more warheads, each more powerful and accurate than current models? To protect our ICBMs we need only to move them out of the line of fire. It is a bizarre logic, after all, that suggests we counter the alleged threat of a Soviet first strike by developing a first-strike capability of our own. Only 20 percent of our strategic forces are based in fixed silos, compared with nearly 80 percent of the Soviet force. In a crisis, the threat posed by the MX could provide a positive incentive for a Soviet preemptive strike. Since the notion of deterrence is to minimize the incentives for either side to launch nuclear weapons first, the MX missile will erode deterrence.

Nevertheless, many defense planners, loath to see the U.S. ICBM force lapse into obsolescence, deem it vital to keep what they call a "prompt hard-target-kill capability," and it is this that the MX has in abundance. Bombers

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The MX ruins our chances of ending nuclear madness.

has in abundance. Bombers have sufficient power and accuracy to destroy small, blast-resistant targets, but they take eight hours to reach the Soviet Union. Submarine-launched missiles possess sufficient speed, but they are not now accurate enough to "kill" missile silos (although they will be by 1990, says Secretary of Defense Harold Brown). Extreme accuracy is necessary only for a counterforce strategy.

Is there any reason to believe that any Soviet leader would leave his residual missiles in the ground, just waiting to be destroyed? Proponents of the MX overlook the possibility of the Soviets' launching under attack. True, if we went after Soviet ICBMs with bombers or cruise missiles, they would have eight to ten hours to decide whether to launch on warning. However, if the Soviets did desire to launch upon detecting a U.S. attack, the twenty-five minutes it would take for the MX to reach Soviet silos would allow ample time for them to fire on American soil.

One reason U.S. defense planners cling to the ICBM is their identification of SLBM and bomber targeting exclusively with "city-busting." This was pointed out in hearings by Representative Thomas Downey (D-N.Y.):

MR. DOWNEY: What is wrong with our limited response against the Soviet high-value targets that are remotely situated so that we are not destroying his population, but so that he suffers a very high penalty for initiating aggression. I want to know what is wrong with that?
GENERAL SLAY: The only way I can answer that is to tell you that if it comes to that, we have failed utterly in our philosophy. Now, in order to deter the man, and the only thing I am going to do is attack your remote outposts, then he is not going to be deterred, in my actual opinion.
MR. DOWNEY: I am not so sure that he would not be deterred by the loss of his oil fields. I'd be concerned about not having fuel and electricity and losing a couple of my major rail switching points. I might be deterred from launching another attack against the United States when this has been [the] initial response. . . .

This sort of retaliation would neither require ICBMs (much less an MX) nor risk a potential Soviet "launch-on-warning." Despite the advantages of the strategy suggested by Representative Downey, this option meets with almost universal opposition in military circles. To accept its logic would be to concede the expendability of our ICBM force.

JUST HOW REALISTIC ARE Pentagon fears that our ICBMs are vulnerable? Ironically, the air force was one of the last to jump on the vulnerability bandwagon. In 1974, before the MX was proposed, the air force vehemently rebutted the increasingly widespread notion that our ICBMs could not survive a Soviet first strike. In the September 1974 issue of *Air Force* magazine, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph McGlinchey and Dr. Jacob Seely sought to reassure us:

. . . analysts invariably ignore physical phenomena and operational factors that substantially limit an attacker's ability to launch a disarming first strike against his opponent's missile fields. Among these factors is the virtual impossibility of programming all warheads to arrive and explode over their targets at precisely the same instant. If the detonation is not simultaneous, the first warhead to explode will create nuclear radiation, fireballs, shockwaves, nuclear winds, and clouds of debris, dust and ice crystals that either will destroy other warheads arriving over the same or nearby targets (fratricide), or grossly reduce their accuracy. For similar reasons, the success of an attack in waves, with a second salvo closely following the first in order to increase the possibility of destroying missiles in their silos and of preventing a counterattack, also is questionable. If the second wave is withheld until the adverse conditions dissipate, surviving missiles could be launched against the attacker.

Needless to say, the air force altered its stance considerably when it seemed there was a new missile to be gained.

Even if one acknowledges that the Soviets have now attained sufficient accuracy to threaten our ICBMs, and concedes that ICBMs are necessary for our defense, there is reason to doubt that the MX, however it is deployed, can be made invulnerable. Mobility, the Pentagon's panacea, has been a headache for everyone else.

Out of the nearly one hundred basing schemes considered by the Defense Department since its mid-1960s secret study on ICBM vulnerability (entitled "Strat-X") emerged the first "solution" to deployment of MX: trenches. The trench mode consists of underground tunnels ten to twenty miles long. Into each is placed a missile that can "pop" out at specific points along the length of the trench. The concept of trenches gripped military imaginations for more than a decade, until studies revealed that a nuclear warhead penetrating the pipe at any point would cause a shockwave to propagate along the remainder of the trench, destroying the missile within. This being the case, trenches would provide even less protection than smaller and harder conventional missile silos. The idea was ditched, albeit reluctantly.

Out of the resulting confusion sprung MAPS (Multiple Aim-Point System). (The Defense Department recently changed the name to MPS [Multiple Protective Structures] as a palliative to southwesterners who were disturbed by the Pentagon's reference to their home states as "nuclear sponges." No one was fooled by the new acronym, and the plan continues to draw strong citizen opposition.) Briefly, the idea of MPS is to dig twenty holes for each ICBM, as well as for a number of dummy missiles, and then to haul the real and dummy missiles on trucks from one site to another. Presumably, this elaborate "shell game" would prevent the Soviets from learning the location of our ICBMs, further deterring them from launching a first strike.

There are several fundamental problems with MPS. The air force has conceded that the cost per additional American aimpoint is roughly equivalent to that of an additional Soviet warhead, which paves the way for a new, costly, and potentially limitless arms race. MPS would also encourage the Soviets to "fractionate" their warheads, i.e., to divide the payload on multiple-warhead missiles to match the number of additional U.S. aimpoints. Or, the Soviets might opt for an MPS system of their own, and so make it impossible for us to verify the number of enemy warheads we would have to absorb.

The great paradox of MPS is that its deceptive nature, designed to protect our ICBMs, would destabilize the arms race and weaken national security in general. The only way out of the dilemma would be a SALT-sponsored ceiling on the number of warheads, such as the provision that exists in the SALT II treaty. However, the unverifiable nature of MPS makes it incompatible with the SALT process. There is also

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the unlikely, but much-feared, possibility of "break-out." One side could fill up all the empty holes in the dead of night and abrogate the treaty in the morning. And MPS would not provide the immediate protection for our ICBMS that its proponents say is needed. This sort of basing scheme cannot substantially reduce vulnerability until at least half the system is deployed, or until 1988 or 1989.

FOR A WHILE, MPS WAS being considered in competition with an air-mobile system. The air-mobile mode involves loading the missile on modified transport planes and launching it from the air, thus providing relative invulnerability (assuming the plane gets off the ground) and allowing verification.

However, this system has serious flaws, too. For one thing, it would not maintain the triad of strategic nuclear forces. We would have merely an enhanced dyad of sea- and air-based forces. This might be sufficient, but maintaining the triad has been the primary justification for the creation of a mobile MX. For another, the prospect of flying MX around or deploying it on small, exposed airfields in the Midwest is, as arms-control expert Dr. Herbert Scoville put it, "more than a little disturbing." The potential for nuclear accidents increases substantially with the air-mobile system. Moreover, this protection could cost up to $40 billion, $10 billion more than the projected cost of MPS. The whole notion has now been quietly dropped, and with few regrets.

Very recently, the trench mode has been resurrected—in a new, improved version, and it is a heavy favorite (compared with the other alternatives, anyway) of President Carter and Defense Secretary Brown.

The current variation has the missile trundling along on underground railroad lines twenty miles long. In an attack, the missile could "dash" to any of forty-four hardened points located at regular, 3000-foot intervals along the line. The Soviets would never know the exact location of the missile. Verification could be accomplished by periodically lifting or sliding away the immensely heavy corrugated metal covers of the trenches—or, in some versions, bulldozing away the soil and gravel covering the trenches—exposing the missiles to Soviet satellites. The trench would then be covered up again.

But there are bugs in this system, too. Soviet fractionation would still be a problem. If the Soviets produce enough warheads to blast each of the hardened points in the trench, it would offer no more protection than a silo—indeed, perhaps less, since these shelters are much "softer" targets than silos. Fractionation is prevented by SALT II, but the MX system would not be deployed until after the treaty expires.

Nor is the "zipper trench," as it is called, shielded from attack by the environmentalist and citizen groups that have come down so hard on MPS. The Southwest would still be the park if the Soviets chose to play ball.

Last but not least, it is not cheap. Conservative estimates begin at $36 billion, and they are rising all the time.

THE GOVERNMENT HAS not always been so keen on mobile missiles. During SALT I negotiations in 1972, the United States opposed deploying such weapons, and President Carter spoke of banning them as late as 1977. Now, with widespread congressional opposition to SALT II threatening the treaty's ratification, Carter had to offer the MX in exchange for votes. Why? Evidently, the Pentagon has defeated the President at public relations this time around. Military officials have recently sought to impress upon the public an image of declining U.S. military strength. They cite as proof the recent build-up of Soviet missiles, warning of the potential crisis in American security. Their argument, however, lacks credibility.

In the unlikely event that all our ICBMS, all our bombers not on alert, and all our submarines not at sea are wiped out in a Soviet attack (and assuming a day or two warning, as would be likely, given the tensions preceding nuclear war), we would still have more nuclear warheads surviving than the Soviets currently possess. We would have far more than we would need to obliterate every Soviet city of more than 100,000 people, and to devastate the Soviet Union as a twentieth-century society. We could also destroy a host of targets other than population centers, if we chose to do so.

In view of this, and if our ICBMS are in fact obsolete, why not consider eliminating them altogether? Consider the advantages:

- We would remove a whole set of targets from possible Soviet attack.
- There would be no more fear, on either side, of preemptive strikes or of having to launch on warning in order to save ICBMS from destruction.
- There would be far less cool discussion of counterforce strikes and limited nuclear exchanges. Such reasoning only encourages fantasies of a controllable nuclear war. Even if the Soviets, scrupulously avoiding our cities, fired only on missile silos in sparsely populated regions, up to 20 million Americans would die from radioactive fallout. Escalation and further destruction would inevitably follow.
- The Soviets would have no need to prepare in advance for a provocative new American missile—decelerating momentarily the perilous race that has engrossed both nations for a generation.

The tragedy of the Missile Experimental is that with its deployment, we will miss the greatest opportunity of modern times to simultaneously rid ourselves of some cumbersome hardware, eliminate the drain of tens of billions of dollars from the budget, strengthen American security, and take one giant step toward true disarmament.

Last spring, the idea of refining our SLBM force to replace ICBMS resurfaced in some liberal enclaves of the National Security Council. (The soon-to-be-deployed Trident I missile was originally designed for this purpose.) Implementing this proposal would probably have done the least damage from both a strategic and economic point of view, and would have satisfied most arms controllers for the first time since the ABM Treaty of 1972.

At present, however, we seem to be stuck with MX and its various land-based mobile modes, which are still a subject of ongoing debate in Congress and inside the administration. The Southwest hates MPS, and so do Carter and Harold Brown. The Midwest hates air-mobile, and so do the deficit-wary. No one knows quite what to make of that Rube Goldberg scheme called the zipper trench. There is still a faint hope that the interdepartmental tug-of-war will rip the MX apart. There is also a slight possibility that public outcry, along with potentially interminable litigation over environmental impact, may drown it.

Unhappily, the chances are that MX will slip past the obstructions into production, and we will have botched a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to put an end to the nuclear madness that America began. ❑

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CORPORATE STATE

BRUCE BARTLETT

Synthetic fuel booty

THE LONG GAS LINES IN the Washington, D.C., area and other parts of the country have put renewed pressure on Congress to "do something" about the energy shortage. Having proven itself incapable of, on the one hand, eliminating the price controls that discourage production, or, on the other, adopting restrictive energy conservation measures, Congress has instead turned to a new proposal. It is one beloved by the AFL–CIO, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Gas Association, and the oil shale industry: a $100 billion crash program to develop synthetic fuels. But the program probably won't work, and the U.S. consumer will be left holding the bag while big companies reap huge profits at no risk.

Synfuel is a broad term for usable oil and gas manufactured from coal, oil shale, tar sands, and other unconventional sources. The basic process through which this transformation takes place is not new. It was first developed by the Germans during World War II and is known as the Lurgi process. At present the South Africans and the Canadians are the only ones making large-scale use of synfuels. The South Africans have been manufacturing oil from coal since 1955 and are at present expanding their facilities, and the Canadians are engaged in making oil from tar sands. In both cases, however, the projects are heavily subsidized by government.

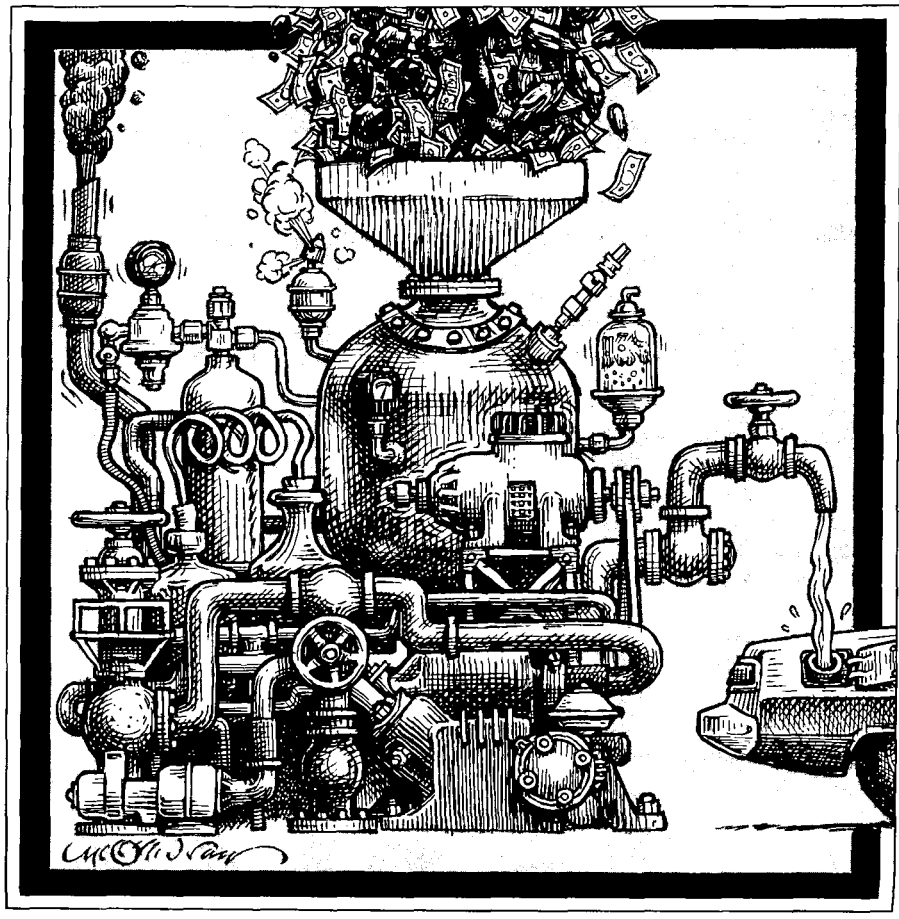
The reason why synfuels have never been developed by private industry in the United States (or anywhere else for that matter) is quite simply the cost. Even with the high OPEC price for oil, it is still about 50 percent more costly to manufacture synthetic oil from coal. And even this cost estimate may be optimistic, for as yet there have been no commercial-scale synfuel plants built in the United States that can yield cost data. Indeed, consistently, the more economists and engineers study the subject, the higher the cost estimates go. As Harry Perry, an engineer with Resources for the Future, puts it: "The closer you get to building the plant the more you take a real hard look on the ground and the more the costs go up."

In order to get around this fundamental stumbling block, those favoring synfuel development have been trying for at least four years to get the government into synfuels in a big way. Back in 1975 Vice President Nelson Rockefeller first suggested the need for a massive synthetic fuel development program. He proposed a $100 billion package of grants, loan guarantees, subsidies, and price supports, with an Energy Independence Authority largely to launch synfuel and other new energy sources.

Hoping to be able to push the program through, one piece at a time, the administration proposed as a start a $6 billion loan guarantee program to build commercial-scale synthetic fuel plants. The measure was tacked onto the Energy Research and Development Administration authorization bill for 1976 by the Senate after the bill had already passed the House. There were no hearings, virtually no debate, and little opposition to the synfuel amendment in the Senate. The loan guarantee program was approved by a vote of 80 to 10.

Passage in the Senate put opponents of synfuels in the House in a difficult position. Because the synfuel amendment was retained in conference, they had to try to strike that section from the conference report on the House floor, a very difficult thing to do. Nevertheless, thanks to quick work by a coalition of fiscal conservatives and environmentalists opposed to the synfuel loan guarantees, and a timely editorial against the plan by the *Wall Street Journal*, the synfuel section of the bill was deleted by a vote of 263 to 140.

Undaunted by this setback the Ford administration returned the following year with a new request for a mere $2 billion to build two synthetic fuel plants. The House Science and Tech-



BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY

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nology Committee, under the leadership of its strongly prosynfuel chairman, Olin Teague of Texas, doubled the size of the program and sent it on for additional consideration by the House Banking Committee and the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

AS THE LOAN GUARANTEE bill moved through the committees the opposition increased. Environmentalists like Representative Richard Ottinger of New York argued that large-scale development of synfuels would be a disaster for the environment because such production will necessitate large-scale surface mining for coal and oil shale. They also argued that cleaner, more economical, second-generation synfuel processes are in the offing and that money invested in currently available synfuel technology would be wasted. Lastly they expressed fear that a heavy investment in synthetic fuels would close off development of solar energy and other alternative sources.

On the other hand, fiscal conservatives were largely concerned about three things: existing government policies such as price controls that discourage the development of conventional oil and gas, the use of government loan guarantees to finance the project, and the fact that synfuel is uneconomical to produce. Typical were the comments of Representatives James Broyhill, James Collins, Samuel Devine, and John McCollister, in dissenting from the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee report on HR 12112: "Such programs as HR 12112 will weaken the free enterprise system by artificially supporting the development of industries which are being stifled by overregulation. These same industries would most likely flourish in a free market environment. . . . The loan guarantee program is essentially a government subsidy to pay for government regulation."

Unfortunately for the supporters of synfuels, the General Accounting Office supported the critics on almost every point. In a report issued on August 24, 1976, the GAO said flatly that "government financial assistance for commercial development of synthetic fuels should not be provided at this time." The GAO report had a devastating impact on the synfuel bill, but what may have been the final blow was delivered by Representative Ray Madden of Indiana, chairman of the House Rules Committee. On September 23, 1976, the House took up consideration of a rule to provide for floor debate on the synfuel bill. In an unprecedented action Madden urged his colleagues to vote down the rule, which would effectively kill the bill. "This is not only a turkey, it's a gobbler," he said. The House then proceeded to vote it down by a one-vote margin, 192 to 193.

NOTHING MORE WAS heard about synfuels during the Ninety-fifth Congress, but now, like a phoenix, the synfuel bill is back again. This time however the synfuel supporters are being much more clever and have successfully disarmed the opposition by selling the program as a defense measure.

For some reason, when the Defense Production Act of 1950 came up for reauthorization earlier this year it was referred to the House Banking Committee. There it was referred to the Economic Stabilization Subcommittee chaired by Representative William Moorhead of Pennsylvania. Moorhead has long been a staunch supporter of synfuels and by coincidence among his constituents is the Koppers Company. The Koppers Company is heavily involved in coal gasification and has strongly backed earlier government synfuel proposals. Thus the Defense Production Act was linked to a new synfuel bill that included an open-ended loan-guarantee authority for the building of at least five synfuel plants capable of producing 500,000 barrels of synthetic crude oil per day by 1984.

The Moorhead bill moved quietly through the Banking Committee and was reported out on May 15 with only one dissenting vote. Apparently the combination of gas lines and alleged national security implications demolished the opposition. Moorhead's home-town paper, the *Pittsburgh Press*, for example, likened his bill to a necessary wartime measure. So closely was synfuel associated with American defense that Jack Anderson quoted one committee member as saying, "By turning this into a defense bill I had to vote for it even though I'm dead set against it." This view seems to be widespread. Even Ottinger, who led the opposition in earlier years, has now climbed on the bandwagon.

The relative ease with which the synfuel bill seems to be advancing, in contrast to earlier years, has encouraged its supporters to push for even more. Thus Representative Jim Wright, House majority leader, pushed on the House floor for a massive expansion of the synfuel program. This action authorized an increase from a target of 500,000 barrels per day to 2 million per day. Since the Congressional Budget Office estimates that the Moorhead bill may cost as much as $22 billion, this puts the Wright plan in the $88 billion range at least. In addition, Senator Henry Jackson has come up with his own energy bill that would, among other things, authorize $5 billion to build fifteen synfuel plants. In order to spread the wealth around and attract cosponsors Jackson made a point of specifying the following projects:

—$500 million for the Solvent Refined Coal I project in Kentucky (supported by Senators Wendell Ford and Walter Huddleston);

—$700 million for the SRC II project in West Virginia (supported by Senator Robert Byrd);

—More than $1 billion for high- and low-BTU coal gasification projects in Ohio and Louisiana (supported by Senators Howard Metzenbaum and Bennett Johnston);

—Geothermal plants now tentatively set for Idaho, California, and New Mexico locations (supported by Senators Frank Church, Alan Cranston, and Pete Domenici);

—$300 million in loan guarantees for an urban and industrial waste conversion plant (supported by Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey); and

—$250 million for a new fuel-cell demonstration program pushed by United Technologies Corporation of Connecticut (supported by Senator Lowell Weicker).

A rather ominous section of the Jackson bill would essentially abolish what protection from pollution we have now. Section 204 of Senator Jackson's bill gives the secretary of energy authority to classify a proposed energy facility as a priority project. When such a determination is made the project becomes exempt from portions of environmental laws, and the right to challenge such action in court is severely limited. Certainly petty environmental rules have hampered energy production on numerous occasions, but giving Jim Schlesinger the sole power to authorize pollution or override environmental safeguards would hardly seem to be the best approach. Moreover, Senator Domenici and ten others have introduced a $75 billion synfuel plan to produce five

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million barrels of oil equivalent per day by 1990. And Representative Carl Perkins, who is from a coal-rich district in Kentucky, has rammed through the House Education and Labor Committee—of all places—a $200 billion synfuel program that would make extensive use of coal.

*IN ORDER TO BUILD SUP*port for the Jackson-Moorhead-Domenici-Perkins energy plans a sophisticated public relations effort is being geared up. The same week that Jackson's bill was introduced, major articles and editorials in favor of synfuels appeared in the *Washington Post* (which had opposed synfuel editorially in previous years), *Newsweek*, and the *New York Times*. One proposal in particular that received wide attention was authored by three influential Washington, D.C., veterans: Paul R. Ignatius, former secretary of the navy and former president of the *Washington Post*; Eugene M. Zuckert, former secretary of the air force; and Lloyd N. Cutler, senior partner in one of Washington's biggest law firms. Each piece essentially repeated the same line: Synfuels may be expensive but it is better to pay the price than to be dependent on OPEC any longer. As the *Times* put it:

> The arguments against a crash program for synthetic fuels are strong, and until recently they would have been persuasive. Much of the money is likely to be wasted, since no one is sure which production techniques are cheapest or how best to manage their development. The opportunities for pork-barreling and corruption would be plentiful. . . .
>
> But five years of dissension and half-measures have changed that outlook. Americans bitterly resist solutions that require them to face the limits of their influence over foreign energy suppliers. Synthetic fuels offer a way out that fits the nation's image of itself and allows the inevitable economic sacrifices to be seen as the consequences of American strength, not weakness.

One can have sympathy for the view that OPEC should not have the control it does over world fuel prices, without sinking $100 billion into questionable energy technologies. The arguments against the first two synfuel bills are still valid. It makes no sense to rush headlong into developing synthetic oil at a cost of $30 to $40 per barrel when the wellhead price of lower-tier domestic crude is held down to $5.75 per barrel and foreign oil can be purchased for about $20 per barrel.

The fact that loan guarantees would be used to build these synfuel plants in no way diminishes their actual economic cost. As Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Gerald Parsky testified on an earlier synfuel loan guarantee program:

"Any type of federal financial assistance resulting in the undertaking of energy projects which would not otherwise have been undertaken will lead to some redirection of resources in our capital markets. Such incentives increase the demand for capital while having little or no effect on the overall supply of capital. They tend to cause interest rates to rise and channel capital away from more economic uses to less economic uses. In short, the proposed program of Federal incentives will direct capital away from other areas of our economy into synthetic fuels production."

Many argue for this kind of redirection of capital as if there were a legitimate national-security factor involved, or as if we were dealing with businesses somehow barred from access to capital markets. Yet the military uses only about 2 percent of U.S. crude oil consumption, so it cannot be claimed that national security is involved. In fact, Department of Defense officials who testified on the Moorhead bill refused to endorse it as necessary for national defense. Moreover, the companies involved with synthetic fuels are among the largest, such as Gulf, Shell, Exxon, Amoco, and Occidental Petroleum.

Consumers will be left holding the bag while big companies reap huge profits at no risk.

IT WOULD APPEAR, IN THE final analysis, that companies that might be interested in synthetic fuel development, especially as the price of foreign crude goes higher, may well hold out for government loan guarantees and price supports because they expect Congress will provide them. It would be foolish for a company contemplating construction of a synfuel plant to do so on its own when the government stands ready to assume all the risk. This is what primarily bothered the lone dissenter on the House Banking Committee, Representative Ron Paul of Texas, about the Moorhead bill.

"As a proponent of free enterprise capitalism," Paul said, "I find it quite disturbing that we are continuing on a course of subsidizing private corporations and creating government corporations to achieve the goals of the Defense Production Act. In view of the fact that the government, that is, the American taxpayer, is assuming the risks of both the lending institutions and the corporations themselves, this bill might better be called the 'Corporation Welfare Rights Act of 1979'. . . . Beside HR 3930, the bailouts of Lockheed and Penn Central pale into insignificance. What we see in HR 3930 is a blueprint for the combination and collusion of big government and big business to exploit the American middle class, the American taxpayers."

Unfortunately, it seems very unlikely that Representative Paul's view will prevail. On June 26, the House of Representatives approved the Moorhead bill by the lopsided vote of 368 to 25. Conspicuously not among those who voted nay were such environmentalists as Ottinger, Patricia Schroeder, and Andrew Maguire, and such fiscal conservatives as John Ashbrook, Philip Crane, and Robert Dornan. The twenty-five dissenters, almost evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats, were a small but heroic band of the most resolute environmentalists and fiscal conservatives. Apparently Representative Toby Moffett was guilty of gross understatement when he said before the House vote, "The synfuel thing is greased. You've never seen such a locomotive."

The Senate's response now remains unclear. The Defense Production Act was passed by voice vote on June 20 without the synfuel section. On June 27 the Senate decided to hold additional hearings on the synfuel section of the Defense Production Act, but since the section was referred jointly to the Senate Energy Committee, the Governmental Affairs Committee, and the Banking Committee, this could turn into the biggest "Christmas tree" bill of all time, with every senator attaching his pet energy program as an ornament.

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J'ACCUSE

How Dan White Got Away With Murder

And how American psychiatry helped him do it.

By Thomas Szasz

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT A TRAVESTY of justice occurred in the trial of Dan White. How could the killer of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk—who fired nine bullets into his victims and shot each one twice in the back of the head, execution-style—not be found guilty of murder?

The answer is: Easily.

Anything is possible in human affairs if one has the power to redefine basic concepts—to say that day is night, that two plus two make five—and get away with it. In the trial of Dan White, the defense, aided and abetted by the prosecution, had the power to hand the case over to the psychiatrists, and the psychiatrists had the power to redefine a political crime as an ordinary crime, and an ordinary crime as a psychiatric problem. How did psychiatry gain such power? By having seized it, long ago; and by society not resisting—indeed welcoming—that seizure of power.

To understand the White affair, we must understand some things about the recent history of American psychiatry. During World War II American psychiatry became very useful to the military authorities by offering an ostensibly medical mechanism for disposing of useless or unwanted military personnel. That mechanism was the so-called NP (for neuropsychiatric) discharge. Approximately half of those separated by "medical" discharges from the military services received NP discharges. At the time, this was considered to be a great medical-humanitarian achievement. It is still so considered. The psychiatrist most responsible for it, William Menninger, was hailed as a great physician and a benefactor of the nation. Why? Because he, and the countless psychiatrists who participated in that gigantic con game, offered to obscure, and thus to deethicize and depoliticize, one of the most obvious and painful moral problems that then faced the nation—namely, the obligation to serve in the armed forces, with the grave risks to life and limb attendant on that obligation. That wartime psychiatrization of fear, self-protection, cowardice, pacifism, wisdom—call it what you may—laid the foundation on which American psychiatrists and the other enemies of freedom and dignity have been building their castles ever since.

At the end of the war, American psychiatry lost no time demonstrating its usefulness to the country at peace. Ezra Pound, one of the greatest poets of his time, was indicted for treason—a charge he vehemently denied. Whether he was innocent or guilty of that crime, psychiatry spared the nation the need to undergo the political soul-searching that his trial would have generated. Prosecution and "defense" conspired to declare Pound mentally unfit to stand trial, condemning him instead, without trial, to serve a thirteen-year sentence in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, the nation's model psychiatric dungeon in Washington, D.C. Pound's jailer

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Psychiatry views mental illness simply as one colossal metaphor.

was hailed as a great psychiatrist, the benefactor of Pound as well as the nation.

Neither the mass stigmatization of American servicemen as mad, nor the psychiatric diversion of the Pound case from the criminal to the mental-health system, was considered to be an abuse of psychiatry. The American public has been led to believe that only in Russia do psychiatrists abuse psychiatry; that in the West, psychiatrists use psychiatry only to do good. But what is the nature of that good? With its service to the nation richly rewarded, postwar psychiatry proudly declared its lofty aims. "The belated objectives of practically all effective psychotherapy," declared Brock Chisholm in 1946, "are the reinterpretation and eventual eradication of the concept of right and wrong. If the race is to be freed from its crippling burden of good and evil, it must be psychiatrists who take the original responsibility." The physician who uttered this much-neglected self-revelation of the moral and political mandate of psychiatry was the former director general of medical services in the Canadian army, the head of the World Federation of Mental Health, and the director of the World Health Organization. Thirty-three years later, the men and women who sat on the jury in San Francisco in the case of Dan White proved themselves to be apt pupils of the psychiatric perverters of our system of justice.

In the postwar years, psychiatrists continued their crusade against homosexuals, whom they called, among other things, "inverts" and "perverts," and whose incarceration as "sex offenders" they enthusiastically supported. "If it is considered the will of the majority," declared one of the then leading American psychiatrists, "that large numbers of sex offenders . . . be indefinitely deprived of their liberty and supported at the expense of the state, I readily yield to that judgment." That opinion was uttered in 1951 by Manfred Guttmacher, in whose honor the American Psychiatric Association offers an annual award "for outstanding contribution to the literature of forensic psychiatry"—in other words, for the most valuable contribution to the psychiatric subversion of the rule of law.

In 1974, the American Psychiatric Association (under pressure from gay liberationists) dropped homosexuality from the official roster of mental diseases, while still maintaining that the conversion of homosexuals to heterosexuality is a bona fide treatment. Thus it would be a serious mistake to believe that these long-standing enemies of homosexuals have really changed their minds about one of their most dearly hated scapegoats. For example, Karl Menninger, the undisputed dean of postwar American psychiatry, has never retracted the following views, which he set forth in 1963. After denigrating homosexuals by classifying their "condition" as a species of "Second Order of Dyscontrol and Dysorganization," Menninger asserts: "We do not, like some, condone it [homosexuality]. We regard it as a symptom with all the functions of other symptoms—aggression, indulgence, self-punishment, and the effort to forestall something worse." While Menninger thus stigmatizes and slanders homosexuals, he tries, in every way possible, to relieve real criminals of responsibility. His crowning achievement in this enterprise is epitomized in the title of one of his most celebrated books: *The Crime of Punishment*. According to Menninger, the punishment even of persons guilty of the most heinous crimes, is, quite literally, a crime—whereas their crime is not a crime. Lest anyone think that Menninger is championing liberty for lawbreakers, let me hasten to add that he is not championing liberty for anyone; instead, he seeks to lump the "criminal" together with the rest of humanity—everyone being a fit subject for indefinite psychiatric incarceration at the whim of the psychiatrist. In his magnum opus, *The Vital Balance*, Menninger declares "that all people have mental illness of different degrees at different times, and that sometimes some are much worse, or better."

THIS BRINGS US, HISTORICALLY AS WELL as logically, to the present psychiatric-legal situation in California: in particular, to the concept of "diminished mental capacity" as a defense in criminal law.

Modern medicine has revealed that the capacities of various organs to perform their functions may be impaired or abolished by disease. The liver, for example, may have a diminished capacity to metabolize certain nutrients and to secrete bile—the result of which may be jaundice and death. Similarly, the kidneys may have a diminished capacity to secrete metabolites and excrete urine—the result of which may be uremia and death. And so on, with the capacities of the lung, the heart, and other organs.

Psychiatry has always been living off a succession of medical metaphors. Its whole idea of mental illness, as I have shown elsewhere, is one colossal metaphor. In postwar America, psychiatry was hungry for fresh concepts to live off. Thus, the psychiatrists borrowed from medicine the idea of the "diminished capacity" of an organ and applied it, literally, to "criminal responsibility." The authority widely acknowledged to be most responsible for popularizing the doctrine of "diminished capacity" is Bernard Diamond, a professor of psychiatry and law at the University of California at Berkeley. With this mendacity through metaphor, Diamond helped to lay the ground for decisions such as the jury reached in the White case. Let us keep in mind, however, that Diamond's opinions are hardly novel, following, as they do, upon decades of psychiatric attacks on criminal responsibility as a moral concept.

Diamond writes: "[S]cientific evidence proves that there is no such thing as free will. . . . Each [criminal] case should be judged on its own clinical merits." Diamond thus takes it for granted that every defendant is a "patient" whose "case" has "clinical merits."

All human behavior—each "act of will"—is, moreover, nothing but a physiological process: "Each act of will, each choice, presumably made on a random basis, turns out to be as rigidly determined as any other physiological process of the human body."

Diamond writes as if the metaphor of diminished respon-

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We are told that in America, only "mental patients" kill politicians.

sibility were an established "fact": "We thus arrive at a legal spectrum of an infinitely graduated scale of responsibility which corresponds, or could be made to correspond closely, to the psychological reality of human beings as understood by twentieth century medical psychology."

Of course, no one can see, smell, taste, or measure "criminal responsibility," normal or diminished. This makes it different from the diminished capacities of the liver, the lungs, the kidneys, and other organs, all of which are readily measurable. Nor is this a matter of technological sophistication. Criminal responsibility will *never* be measurable—because it just isn't that sort of thing. That it is not is something psychiatrists know perfectly well, which supports the impression that they are not fond of telling the truth. In the very article in which he touts the concept of diminished capacity, in the *Stanford Law Review* of December 1961, Diamond writes: "I concede that this whole business of lack of mental capacity to premeditate, to have malice or to entertain intent, is a kind of sophistry [that is, a kind of lie] which must not be allowed to remain an end in itself. Right now we must utilize these legal technicalities to permit psychiatrists to gain entrance into the trial court."

Why didn't the prosecutor read these lines to the White jury? And why didn't he read Diamond's further psychiatric-imperialistic declarations published in the same article? "The next step after *Gorshen* [a 1957 trial at which Diamond testified] is to expand the principle of limited or diminished responsibility of the mentally ill offender to include all definitions of crime. . . . The ultimate step will be the extension of the treatment principle to all prisoners —sane, insane, fully responsible, and partially responsible."

Here it is, in black and white. Diamond is not in the least interested in justice—and like Menninger he says so. What he is interested in is treatment—that is, in medicalizing law, crime, and punishment.

AGAINST THIS BACKDROP WE CAN BETTER reconsider the killing of George Moscone and Harvey Milk and the psychiatric exoneration of the man who killed them. Most of the facts of this case have been well publicized and are familiar, especially to those who have paid attention to this astonishing judicial-psychiatric spectacle. It is a spectacle for which we do not have a proper vocabulary. We have a rich lexicon to describe unjust punishments meted out to innocent victims—judicial lynching by a kangaroo court being a succinct and picturesque way of describing that sort of legal crime. Revealingly, we have no comparable words to describe the inverse aberration of justice, such as occurred in the White affair. "Getting away with murder" is the closest we can come to it. This is not inaccurate, but is inadequate since it neglects to suggest how the judicial crime in question was perpetrated.

Keep in mind that according to the experts—one more of whom I shall quote in a moment—there is no such thing as a political assassination in America. In America, only "mental patients" kill political figures.

■ The mayor of one of America's great cities is killed by five shots, two of them fired into his head at close range after he is gunned down with three previous shots. The mayor is a "liberal" protector of the rights of sexual minorities. The assassin is a "conservative" foe of "social deviants." The killing is not a political crime, asserts prosecutor Thomas Norman.

■ The most prominent self-declared homosexual politician in America is killed by four shots, two of them fired into his head as he lies fatally wounded. The killer is the mayor's assassin, who reloaded his gun after the first killing. That's not a political crime either, says Norman.

What else do you expect? In an America poisoned by psychiatry, any political embarrassment or crime can be psychiatrized. James Forrestal, former secretary of the navy and the first U.S. secretary of defense, begins to act erratically and is imprisoned by psychiatrists in a suite on the top floor of the National Naval Medical Center, from which he allegedly jumps to his death. Ezra Pound is, as I have noted, incarcerated in a madhouse for thirteen years. Major General Edwin Walker, implicated in an integration riot, is imprisoned in a federal insane asylum in an effort to deprive him of his right to stand trial.

John Kennedy is assassinated. The explanation? A lone psychotic named Lee Harvey Oswald shot him. Oswald, in turn, was shot by another lone psychotic, called Jack Ruby. If you don't believe that, you are paranoid.

Robert Kennedy is assassinated. The explanation? Another lone psychotic, this time a Palestinian-American called Sirhan Sirhan, shot him. Sirhan did it, the psychiatrists claimed, because he fell off a horse when he was a child. If you don't believe that, you are paranoid.

You are paranoid because American psychiatry has established that in our "sick society" what seem to be political assassinations are, in reality, not political acts at all. As Edwin Weinstein, a professor at Mount Sinai Medical School, wrote in 1976 in one of the most prestigious American psychiatric journals: "Assassinations of heads of state of foreign countries have usually been carried out by organized political groups seeking to overthrow the government or change its policies. In the United States, on the other hand, Presidential assassinations have been the work of mentally deranged individuals."

How many more cases or authorities must one cite to prove that not only Russian psychiatry, but American psychiatry also, is a political weapon?

To return to the most recent case of a psychiatrically depoliticized political assassination—that of the assassination of George Moscone and Harvey Milk—consider the following:

■ The killer of Moscone and Milk had been informed that his political hopes had been destroyed by Moscone's refusal to reappoint him supervisor, a refusal in which Milk was thought to have had a hand. The next morning the killer came to City Hall with a well-hidden gun and ten extra bullets; gained entrance to the building through a window, thus avoiding the metal-detectors at the door; shot

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White's counsel was wary about having gays serve on the jury.

Moscone five times; reloaded his gun; then shot Milk four times. To the psychiatrists all this proved diminished capacity to premeditate.

■ One psychiatrist insisted that the killer was a "good man"; this also proved that he had diminished capacity.

■ White sat at home consuming Cokes, Twinkies, and other "junk food" before the killings, said another psychiatrist—additional evidence that he had diminished capacity.

■ The defense and the prosecution collaborated in deliberately depoliticizing the assassinations. After the trial, defense attorney Stephen Scherr told the *San Francisco Examiner* that "the defense was wary of having gays serve on the jury. He said the attorneys feared that a gay might believe that the slaying of Milk, San Francisco's first openly homosexual supervisor, was a political assassination committed to block gay power. Scherr said such a belief would be contrary to the facts in the case. . . ." This is like excluding black jurors from the trial of the accused assassin of Martin Luther King (the alleged assassin was, of course, never tried)—on the grounds that they might mistakenly believe that the killing had something to do with the fact that King was black.

WHEN PATIENTS DO NOT WANT TO face unpleasant facts, psychiatrists love to tell them that they are practicing "denial" and "repression." That may be true—although we must remember that patients have a right to deny or repress any fact they please. But witnesses in criminal trials are sworn to tell the truth. Journalists saw the truth—and they saw it withheld, evaded, and obscured by the psychiatrists (and the prosecution).

Charles McCabe, *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist, wrote:

> [Quoting free-lance writer Mike Weiss:] "The San Francisco image-mongers—the politicians and the flacks—don't talk out loud about the seething frustrations and angers aroused by this confrontation [between straights and gays]. But, out in the neighborhoods, everybody knows San Francisco has a sexual integration crisis." . . . [Dan] White [McCabe continues] had all the old-fashioned prejudices and bigotries. He hated blacks and "queers" and made no secret of it. . . . The man [Moscone] who double-crossed him had offended his manhood. Moreover, the mayor was the most powerful friend the homosexuals had in this city. . . .

Herb Caen, another *Chronicle* columnist, was equally candid:

> "What's wrong with San Francisco?" was being asked again yesterday . . . one can kill, twice, complete with coup de grace, and get away with it. The grateful defendant was a staunch defender of law and order . . . a religious man who went straight to church after he killed. . . . This is a city of undercurrents, not all of them well hidden. Many police made an open secret of their support for Dan White and their dislike (understatement) of homosexuals. . . .

If these journalists are telling the truth, what did the psychiatrists tell us and the jury? A "higher" version of the truth—or strategic untruths? Since "psychiatric expert testimony" is, legally speaking, *opinion*, it can never be perjured. This fact points to the role of the single prosecution psychiatrist in the White case. This physician was foolish enough actually to examine Dan White on the day of the killings. He testified that he found White to be sane, competent, and responsible for his actions. The jury, no doubt, concluded that he was an inept doctor who couldn't find the "diminished capacity" so easily detected by four other doctors and a clinical psychologist.

The very act of examining White was stupid and totally inconsistent with mounting a strong case for the prosecution. The fact that the DA had White examined must have proved to the jury—and rightly so—that there was something a psychiatrist *could* discover by examining him that would be relevant for establishing White's "capacity" to commit first degree murder. Therein, precisely, lies the utter hoax of "diminished capacity." In my opinion, the prosecution should have led the jury to infer malice and premeditation from the facts of the case—just as a jury is supposed to infer malpractice when a surgeon leaves a sponge in the patient's stomach.

White's defense thus rested on two separate pillars: psychiatry and the plea of "diminished capacity" was one; a subtle but persistent appeal to the jury's antihomosexual prejudices was another. This latter aspect of the defense strategy has seemingly been overlooked by most previous commentators on the trial.

"Good people—fine people with fine backgrounds—simply don't kill people in cold blood," was Schmidt's premise in interpreting, to jury and press alike, what "really" happened to Dan White. "Seeing Mrs. White," wrote a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "it was impossible for the jury not to believe that White came from a decent, hard-working background that they, the jury members, shared and admired. Repeatedly, Schmidt used the word 'background'. . . ."

"Background" was, indeed, the code word. For what? Primarily for "straight" (as against gay)—and secondarily, for white, Christian, policeman (as against black, Jewish, "deviant"). But if Schmidt's bigoted premise—which the prosecution never challenged and hence the jury readily accepted—is allowed to stand, then no heterosexual, married, policeman jogger will ever be convicted of first degree murder in America again.

Thus with great skill Schmidt successfully replaced the reality of Dan White, the moral actor on the stage of life, with the abstractions of White's "diminished capacity" and his "background"—and then instructed the jury to focus on those fictions and ignore the facts.

As soon as the trial was over, one of the defense psychiatrists gave an interview in which he flatly contradicted his own testimony. As a witness for the defense, Martin Blinder, a San Francisco psychiatrist, "told the jury [according to *Newsweek*, June 4] that White's compulsive diet of candy bars, cupcakes and Cokes was evidence of a deep depression—and a source of excessive sugar that had aggravated a chemical imbalance in his brain." Two weeks later,

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Indeed, American psychiatry is White's accomplice in crime.

Blinder—who says he has been "involved in thousands of cases"—told a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter: "Judges and juries should determine issues of guilt and innocence, sanity and insanity . . . psychiatrists are often pushed into making that decision for them. . . . There is a tendency for psychiatrists to find mental illness in every instance of emotional stress. I personally resist this."

But who is "pushing" Blinder or any other psychiatrist to testify in a criminal trial? No one! In each and every case, a psychiatrist who testifies in court is a hired gun. He does what he does for money or fame or because he believes in it, or, as Bernard Diamond implied, to gain eventual control of the entire judicial system. Assuredly, he does not do it because anyone forces him to—just as no one forces him to go to court to commit innocent people to mental hospitals, which hired psychiatric guns also love to do.

AFTER THE WAR, THE GERMAN PEOPLE could not claim that they did not realize what the Nazis were planning for the Jews. Hitler had warned them of his intentions clearly enough—in *Mein Kampf* and the voluminous anti-Semitic literature that accompanied the National Socialists' rise to power. After they awaken from their psychiatric stupor, the American people will not be able to claim that they did not realize what the psychiatrists were planning for all of us. The psychiatrists have warned them of their intentions clearly enough—in books with such telling titles as *The Crime of Punishment* and the voluminous antiresponsibility and procommitment literature that accompanied these pseudomedical prevaricators' rise to power.

When psychiatric testimony is used as it has been in the White trial, where are the so-called critics of psychiatry—those who timidly chastise the sensational foreign or marginal domestic abuses of the profession, and thus make headlines for themselves as humanitarians? Do they speak out against gross psychiatric abuses, such as have occurred in the White case and in other cases of political assassination? The fact is they never do.

Mrs. Rosalynn Carter is so tireless a promoter of this fake religion that she seems to be veritably thrice-born: as a human being, a Baptist, and a votary of psychiatry. One could reasonably expect that a person so lavish in her praise of the "good" that psychiatry has done would feel duty-bound to speak out when psychiatrists make a mockery of justice. But she has not.

Where were our conservative and neoconservative journalists and thinkers, who so lament the decline of the sense of personal responsibility in our "permissive" society? Where, when all is said and done, were the ever-ready crusaders for human rights and justice throughout the world? Did they protest the injustice of the White verdict? No, they did not.

In the struggle against the psychiatric perversion of responsibility and justice, I propose that we make Voltaire's famous battle cry—"Écrasez l'infâme!" ("crush the infamous thing!")—our own. The infamous thing that Voltaire sought to crush was the political power of the Roman Catholic church. The infamous thing that we ought to crush is the political power of the Church of Psychiatry.

Or, to take another famous example from French history, of another crusade for justice—at the end of the last century, French society was wracked by the trial and conviction of Captain Albert Dreyfus. What the Dreyfus affair was for the French at that time, the Dan White affair ought to become for us now. In the Dreyfus case, the judicial system was used to convict a demonstrably innocent man. In the White case, the judicial system was used to exonerate a demonstrably guilty one.

Dreyfus, the Jew, was the victim. White, the policeman, is the victimizer. Dreyfus became the symbol of what happens to an innocent individual when anti-Semitic hatred in the community, unacknowledged but powerful, is allowed to masquerade as justice. White should become a symbol of what happens to a guilty individual when anti-homosexual hatred, unacknowledged but powerful, is allowed to masquerade as justice.

Who allowed—who, indeed, engineered—these carefully orchestrated miscarriages of justice? In the Dreyfus case, it was the French military and the power it then wielded in the French courts. In the White case, it is American psychiatry and the power it now wields in the American courts. As Émile Zola then accused the French generals of having perverted the legal order in "l'affaire Dreyfus," so I accuse organized American psychiatry of perverting the legal order in the White affair.

I maintain that American psychiatry is White's accomplice in crime. While White pulled the trigger of the gun that killed Moscone and Milk, American psychiatry pulled the wool over the eyes of lawmakers and journalists and the public—leading to the courtroom scenario of psychiatrists fabricating fantasies and having their fantasies legitimized by the courts as "expert medical testimony."

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the psychiatric prevaricators thus go to court to exonerate the guilty: That is called "psychiatric defense." On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the same prevaricators go to court to incriminate the innocent: That is called "civil commitment." The lawmakers, the judges, and the attorneys (for both sides) all shamelessly use these fakes—which is why each of them is as reluctant to expose and demolish the psychiatric defense of the guilty as he is to expose and demolish the psychiatric incrimination of the innocent.

Long before Dreyfus's days, the homosexual was already one of psychiatry's favorite scapegoats. American psychiatry's true feeling about homosexuals showed in all its ugliness once more in the trial of Dan White. Let us hope that the White affair will arouse the sense of justice in the gay community in America and in the hearts of all who sympathize with such victimization; and that the result will be the long-overdue expulsion of the psychiatric liars from the courtroom—whether they come to pervert justice by imprisoning the innocent or by exculpating the guilty. ❑

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CHINA SCAPEGOAT: The Diplomatic Ordeal of John Carter Vincent, by Gary May. New Republic Books, 370 pp., $15.95.

THE JAPANESE THREAD: A Life in the U.S. Foreign Service, by John K. Emmerson. Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, 465 pp., $16.95.

Cold war victims

WALTER LAFEBER

JOHN CARTER VINCENT had the misfortune to direct the State Department's China desk and then its Office of Far Eastern Affairs during the mid-1940s when China was turning inexorably toward Communism. The logic of the era required that he therefore become a victim of McCarthyism. John Foster Dulles forced him out of the foreign service during 1953 in one of the several acts of political cowardice that the secretary of state committed when confronted by the right wing. Vincent was an unlikely candidate for martyrdom. He was a middle-class midwesterner who traced his lineage to the first settlers (ironically, in 1692 one of them was burned at the stake in Salem for being a witch). Vincent's white hair, patrician bearing, coolness, and attention to detail made him appear to be the model foreign service officer.

In private, however, he did not hide his views. Early in 1942, when he was a top-ranking official assigned to deal with Chiang's regime, Vincent wrote to his wife: "I don't like General and Madame Chiang's government. To my sensitive nostrils it stinks." As for the do-good Americans in China whom he was supposed to help, "A Christian interest . . . in a Chinese soul is probably one of the world's most misdirected ventures." Vincent, it turns out, was not the bloodless, cookie-pushing, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth" diplomat that Joe McCarthy loved to slander. And when John Carter weakened, his wife Elizabeth took up the fight. A determined, embittered woman devoted to the clearing of her husband's reputation, she searched twenty years for a biographer who would do the story justice. That has now been done in a well-written account by Gary May, a young professor at the University of Delaware.

John Emmerson was also a China hand during World War II. Through four decades he had worked in Pakistan, Lebanon, France, Russia, the United Nations, Burma, Nigeria, and Peru, but his initial assignment was Tokyo and his love for Japan is unbounded. He played a central role in establishing the early Occupation policies. Because one assignment forced him to deal with repatriated Japanese Communists, he too was marched before the McCarran committee that was investigating supposed subversives in the executive branch in 1950.

Unlike Vincent, Emmerson was exonerated at that time, as he was again in 1957 when Senator William Jenner of Indiana, a relic of the old McCarthy days, accused Emmerson of consorting with the Canadian ambassador to Egypt. The ambassador had once belonged to the Communist party, but had been investigated and cleared by his own government. After Jenner's accusations, the Canadian committed suicide. The affair became one of the scandals of the late 1950s, rebounded to hurt Jenner and his fellow inquisitors severely, and once again made Emmerson appear to be an innocent victim, as indeed he was. Unlike the Vincents' letters, Emmerson's autobiography contains little irony, and surprisingly little anger. His prose is impassioned when he describes a beautiful Japanese temple, but it is bland when he writes of how the State Department summoned him home from Nigeria to undergo a lie detector test to probe his loyalty. He describes that humiliation in one revealing phrase: "It never occurred to me to question the procedure or to hesitate to undergo the examination; besides, it would be a novel experience."

Emmerson, however, in his reports to the home office, knew how to devastate an opponent subtly and without the use of overblown adjectives that might return to haunt him when he was considered for promotion. His and Vincent's stories, different as they are in tone and locale, share common perspectives on America's postwar Asian policies, and are startlingly linked by their agreement on the villains who distorted those policies and/or helped the McCarthyites: Stanley Hornbeck, Eugene Dooman, Joseph Stalin, and the Kennedy administration. It is a strange assortment.

STANLEY HORNBECK WAS little known outside of governmental and some academic circles, but between 1922 and 1944 he, more than any other individual, shaped State Department attitudes toward Asia. Hornbeck, an irascible old man by 1941, had not been in China for years; he spent large amounts of time correcting the punctuation in his subordinates' memos instead of rethinking outdated policies. As political adviser to the secretary of state he supported Chiang Kai-shek totally, believed that Japan could be bluffed out of pursuing its invasion of China and Southeast Asia, and bitterly fought Emmerson's boss in Tokyo, Ambassador Joseph Grew, who warned that the Japanese would go to war "in desperation" if they did not receive raw materials from the United States and markets in China. On December 6, 1941, Hornbeck wrote to his superiors ridiculing Grew's warnings. Emmerson pointedly observes that the U.S. experts on Japan and China "lived their separate existences" in the foreign service, and "parochialism" consequently paralyzed policymaking. But, he trium-

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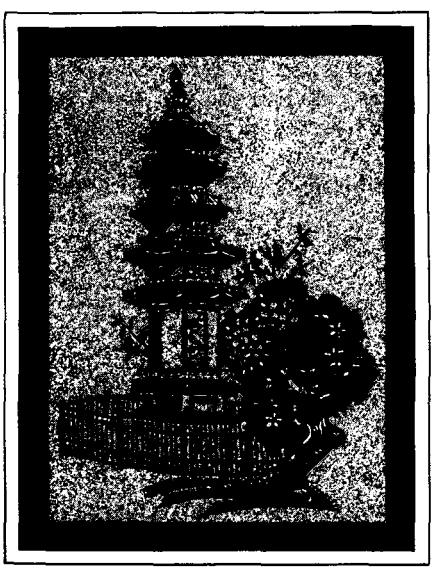
phantly concludes, "perhaps we [in Tokyo] were better judges of Japanese psychology than was Hornbeck, functioning in his own Chinese-made, bureaucratic straitjacket."

As a China hand, Vincent agreed with Hornbeck and disagreed with Emmerson before Pearl Harbor. Afterward, however, he broke sharply with Hornbeck on the central question of whether to support Chiang unequivocally. Internecine warfare erupted in the State Department as Hornbeck demanded more economic aid for Chiang's Kuomintang party and attacked Roosevelt's Europe First policy. Vincent's motto, on the other hand, was "Do everything one can to hold them [Chiang and Mao] together during this war, and afterwards, to hell with the Kuomintang!" Vincent, as the new head of the department's Asian desk, wanted to pressure Chiang to form a moderate, democratic regime that would cut the support from under Mao Tse-tung's Communists and make postwar China a fit junior partner for U.S. power in Asia.

May's account of Vincent's plans to turn Chiang into a New Dealer is at once the most poignant and hilarious in the book. Unlike U.S. officials before him, Vincent understood that his country was now the most powerful in Asia, and he determined to use that strength to create under Chiang a "liberal" alternative to both the Kuomintang and the Communists. He agreed with young journalist Theodore White that such an alternative was possible since many Chinese leaders had been educated in the United States. White organized a Harvard Club of China and was amazed at the number of Chiang's officials who qualified. The young Chinese seemed close to Vincent and White in age and outlook. They could save China—assuming, of course, that these "liberals" were free of the Kuomintang's rampant corruption and that Harvard could govern China. Neither assumption proved to be valid.

Immediately after the war, Emmerson and his fellow Japan hands began reconstructing the conquered nation. Emmerson writes that he realized the enormity of that task in late 1945 when as a political adviser to General Douglas MacArthur he moved his office into Tokyo's Mitsui Bank building. A departing Mitsui official pointed to a map showing Japan's imperialist project for a Co-Prosperity Sphere in East Asia and said, "There it is. We tried. See what you can do with it." Emmerson recalls, "The whole burden of American foreign policy in Asia hit me in the stomach." But he and his colleagues did not recoil, even though at that point the fulcrum for "American foreign policy in Asia" was to be China, not Japan. Grew and Eugene Dooman, the top-ranking Japan hands in the State Department, resigned in mid-1945 when they concluded that the United States intended to treat Japan roughly during the Occupation.

Emmerson tells the story of the resignations so that the reader can conclude that Dooman became unstable as a result of his defeat. That instability, Emmerson infers, partly explains why Dooman later helped lead the McCarthy-McCarran charge against not only Vincent (who was anti-Chiang and relatively anti-Japan), but also against Emmerson who, in the line of duty, had talked to too many Japanese Communists for Dooman's peace of mind. Dooman's role in acting as a bird dog for Senate investigators has never been explained better than in these two books.



THE ATTACKS ON VINCENT, Emmerson, and the other Asian specialists resulted from frustration, not fact. Historians are now clear that few U.S. officials more mistrusted and feared Stalin than did the experts—including Emmerson, Vincent, John Paton Davies, and John Service—who all visited Mao's Yenan headquarters in 1944 and emerged to tell their government that Chinese Communism was considerably more complicated and successful than Stalin (or the State Department) desired. The "four Johns," as China Lobby leader Walter Judd sarcastically called them, later became suspect because they accurately downplayed Chiang's chances and were optimistic about Mao's. Yet their policy aimed at cutting off Mao from Stalin by having the Soviet leader recognize Chiang as the sole ruler in China. They then hoped to control the Chiang-Mao confrontation until a liberal, anti-Russian regime developed.

Dooman, McCarran, and the loyalty review process finally ensnared Vincent. Former Secretary of State James Byrnes tried to defend him by telling an FBI agent, "Since Vincent was reared in the state of Georgia, he could not be expected to have any Communist tendencies." That statement appears a model of logical thought when placed alongside the stupidity, flimsiness, and maliciousness that characterized the accusations against Vincent made by Dooman, McCarran, and Robert Morris, counsel to the Senate committee. Vincent cleared one review only to be confronted with another. When he passed that, McCarran and other senators threatened political reprisals unless the State Department reconsidered its decision to keep Vincent. Dulles finally stepped in to end the Kafkaesque scenario. Vincent quit and spent the remaining nineteen years of his life looking for something worthwhile to do.

When John Kennedy became President, friends worked to have Vincent and the other victimized China hands rescued from political oblivion. The President, who after all had attacked Truman for losing China, did nothing. Nor would Secretary of State Dean Rusk respond, although in 1946 Vincent had helped bring Rusk into the department—an act Vincent later regretted as he condemned the secretary of state's Vietnam policy during the 1960s.

Emmerson finally escaped the Senate's snares in 1958 and, with his usual optimism, thought the bad days were over. Then in 1962 Kennedy named him ambassador to Tanganyika. Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, an Iowa Republican, objected that Emmerson's record was suspect. Eyeball to eyeball with Hickenlooper, Kennedy blinked. Rusk told Emmerson he could have any job he wanted—as long as the Senate did not have to confirm his appointment.

With the exception of Stalin, these men—Hornbeck, Dooman, and the Kennedy team—are not usually pictured as the heavies when historians

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analyze post-1940 Asian policy and McCarthyism. May's and Emmerson's accounts offer different perspectives and significant new details to explain why U.S. officials misunderstood China in the mid-1940s and then had to form an emergency rescue mission for Japan so it could serve as our junior partner in Asia. Both books are also valuable for reminding us that the tragedies caused by the witch hunts, in terms of both Asian policy and personal lives, were not the work of a lone junior senator from Wisconsin, nor were they limited to a few years in the early 1950s. ❑

THE POWERS THAT BE, by David Halberstam. Alfred A. Knopf, 771 pp., $15.00.

Media mush

STEPHEN CHAPMAN

*PHILIP GRAHAM WAS PUB*lisher of the *Washington Post* from 1946 to 1963. He was brilliant. How do I know he was brilliant? David Halberstam told me so. Again and again. Does this word seem excessive to describe the publisher of what was then an obviously mediocre newspaper? Does it make you wonder what word Halberstam might choose to characterize the achievements of Michelangelo or Einstein? Never mind. As you read this book, you will see that "brilliant" really is inadequate to capture just what a marvel Philip Graham was. Take this passage, for example:

> He was the incandescent man. Phil Graham walked into a room and took it over, charming and seducing whomever he liked, men and women alike. No one in Washington could match him at it, not even, in the days before he became President, John F. Kennedy. He was handsome and slim and when he smiled, at first shy and then bold, everything stopped. He was the Sun King.

Can a lackluster word like "brilliant" do real justice to the Sun King? Clearly not; but for want of anything better it will have to do. As if to make up for the limits of the word, Halberstam uses it over and over. He has a few other adjectives for Graham—"charming," "dazzling," "clever," "frenzied"—but "brilliant" is his favorite. In one sixteen-page stretch Halberstam reminds the reader nine times that Phil Graham was brilliant.

Maybe it is petty to mention things like this. After all, this is a terribly important book about four terribly important organs of the American news media—CBS, the *Washington Post*, *Time* magazine, and the *Los Angeles Times*. In the course of five years' research Halberstam stumbled onto the insight that these institutions have grown in importance in the last half-century, and that they concern themselves not only with reporting news but also with making money and exerting power.

One is tempted to say that all Halberstam needs is a good editor. Of course he will never get one, since this book has already made the best seller lists, and neither Halberstam nor any sane publisher would dare tamper with his mercifully inimitable style. But an editor could help. He could do something about Halberstam's penchant for run-on sentences. He could also advise Halberstam not to follow the old rule for writing poorly researched term papers: Tell them what you're going to say. Say it. Say it again. Say it one more time. Then tell them you said it. In his account of the mental problems that led to Graham's suicide Halberstam says, "as soon as he came home the crisis at Little Rock blew up and he suffered his first major breakdown." Twelve lines later he writes, "Little Rock triggered his first major breakdown." And then on the next page, "It was Little Rock that touched off the first of these major cycles in Phil Graham." Later on he tries to describe Ben Bradlee's feelings about the war in Vietnam. "Vietnam seemed very distant to him," writes Halberstam. "Vietnam was distant," he writes on the next page. "Vietnam was very distant from his thoughts," he writes three pages later. This is a typical Halberstam sentence, saying pretentiously what could be said simply: Bradlee cared little about Vietnam.

A good editor could prune some of this overgrown verbiage, but Halberstam's other flaws would be harder to remedy. His descriptions of people suggest no eye for detail or nuance. Most of these passages consist of random superlatives piled one on top of another, and his choice rarely ranges beyond what one might hear at a convention of Hollywood press agents. Among his most durable are such all-purpose warhorses as "marvelous," "wondrous," "superb," "incredible," and "charming." When Halberstam is trying to understate his case he uses "very" a lot, as in "very good" or "very intelligent," which after the generosity of his other descriptions sounds almost like an insult.

What his descriptions lack is concrete details, which a reporter is supposed to provide and an editor can't. As a result Halberstam cannot breathe life into any of his characters. When he tries to paint a more vivid picture than his superlatives can provide, he resorts to meaningless fatuities ("a man of great ability and talent") or lines lifted from Sidney Sheldon. Halberstam on Ben Bradlee:

> Part ultimate cosmopolite, part street tough . . . the hair sleeked down. The rough-handsome face. The suits slightly out of fashion. The almost harsh voice, raspy but patrician . . . When she [Katharine Graham] was around he seemed to strut just a little bit more, his walk, already jaunty, became a little jauntier, his voice, rough and raspy, became a little rougher and raspier. She, the same friends thought, seemed almost schoolgirlish.

Katharine Graham is not alone in acting schoolgirlish around Ben Bradlee.

*AFTER A WHILE ONE REAL*izes that editing this book would be like trying to sculpt in applesauce. Halberstam writes poorly because he thinks unclearly, mostly in clichés. Only original thoughts can produce original phrases—and there is no evidence in this book that Halberstam is capable of writing an original phrase, at least under any circumstances short of being threatened with a firing squad. A writer can't write the way Halberstam does unless he doesn't know what he wants to say or doesn't care whether he makes things clear to his reader.

This book is not about the press; it is about the people in it—just as Arthur Hailey's books are not about commercial aviation or automobile manufacturing but about the glamorous people in these industries. Like his first book, *The Best and the Brightest* (also a best seller), this one includes hundreds of anecdotes, some of them new and a few of them interesting. There is Ben Bradlee explaining to his brother why he was marrying Tony Pinchot (the explanation would do as well for her successor, Sally Quinn): "Fred, I guess I just need a pretty blonde to tell me I'm marvelous around the clock." And

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there is Lyndon Johnson, angry at CBS's coverage of the 1964 Democratic convention, telephoning a CBS executive and screaming, "Get those goddamn cameras off those niggers! Get them off right now!" But many of Halberstam's stories are stale, like Dan Rather standing up bravely to President Nixon at a news conference, and Ed Murrow walking off his last broadcast with sarcastic instructions to his partner: "Tell them I've gone to serve my country." And some are simply pointless, like the one about Katharine Graham's mother, Agnes Meyer, arguing with a friend of Phil's about the proper metaphorical interpretation of Wendell Willkie's getting hit in the face with an egg.

Good anecdotes, bad anecdotes—Halberstam uses them all. They fill the pages, titillate the reader, and take the place of careful analysis. His treatment of the *Washington Post* is characteristic. From Halberstam's account, one unfamiliar with the *Post* would think its only important components were a courageous publisher, a tough editor, and two gutsy reporters (Woodward and Bernstein). To actually judge Bradlee's record as editor would require Halberstam to do more than blow him kisses. He might even have to admit that Bradlee is a man of unimpressive intellectual gifts, a poor writer (though not as bad as Halberstam), and a nasty human being who happens to have a sharp eye for journalistic talent. It would also compel Halberstam to consider serious questions about the role of a newspaper, instead of frivolous ones about the possible sexual undertones of Bradlee's relationship with his boss.

It is easier, and no doubt socially more prudent, for Halberstam to depict Bradlee and most of his other subjects as thoroughly wonderful people than to examine them critically. There is hardly anyone who is likely to scratch Halberstam from an invitation list because of his or her unflattering portrayal in this book. One of the few people who come off badly is CBS president William Paley, who it seems is preoccupied with making money at the expense of artistic quality—an unexpected accusation coming from David Halberstam. A serious journalist would examine the peculiar economic characteristics of the American television industry and the deliberate government policies that forced it into its present structure. A hack simply excoriates Paley for greed.

Given all these defects, one can't indict whoever was supposed to edit this book for obviously failing to do his job. How could one possibly edit something so insubstantial? After one cut all the repeated sentences, all the run-ons, all the clichés, all the clumsy phrases, all the recycled anecdotes, there would be hardly enough left for an article in *Reader's Digest*. An editor couldn't correct all the faults in this book. But a paper shredder could. ❑

SOUTH AFRICA: War, Revolution or Peace? by L. H. Gann and Peter Duignan. Hoover Institution Press, 104 pp., $5.95.

A peculiar country

JEFFREY BUTLER

L. H. GANN AND PETER Duignan are productive scholars who have frequently challenged liberal orthodoxies on the nature of empire and settler rule in Africa. In the present work they take broad swipes at old enemies—unidentified "liberals" and "the academic establishment"—and demand a hearing for their "far from fashionable" views.

Early on, the authors attack the Carter administration for using an incorrect historical analogy: "South Africa in its view is merely the unreconstructed South writ large . . . to be coerced into joining the world of racial equality and integration." But ". . . Black South Africans are not like black Americans . . . South Africa's problems cannot, therefore, be resolved along American lines."

South Africa, they continue, ought not to be treated like a pariah, since many other regimes are more repressive. Furthermore, a stable and friendly Republic of South Africa is important, perhaps vital, to the West. We should recognize that there is no hope of successful revolution in South Africa and should work with "moderates" there to create a "consociational" system that recognizes ethnic differences and relies on bargaining among elites rather than on majority rule. To encourage such a change, and in our own global interests, we should treat South Africa generously in "trade, economic cooperation and cultural exchanges . . . of the kind we have adopted in our dealings with the Soviet Union."

Like many other controversialists, Gann and Duignan make extensive use of straw men. Although it sometimes sounds as though the Carter administration regards South Africa as the old South, that rhetoric is not the source of present policy. The administration inherited a volatile situation in southern Africa. Major changes in policy took place in the last days of the Ford regime; much of the novelty of the new administration was in style, tone, and emphasis. Although the ethnic diversity of the African population of the Republic of South Africa cannot be denied, not all Africans are self-consciously ethnic. Many would like to be treated like modern men who have left their ethnic past: They *are* like black Americans. It is the South African government's refusal to allow such Africans to enter a world of equal rights that blacks, and liberals—in both the American and classical senses—find so offensive. Recognition of cultural diversity in political institutions in "homelands" would not in itself be objectionable, if those institutions were not used to thwart upward mobility and the acquisition of various rights—including property rights. Gann and Duignan say that "property is secure" in South Africa, but historically that has applied only to whites: Even in legally segregated urban areas Africans are still limited to leases, and Coloureds and Asians have frequently suffered expropriation, through the use of eminent domain, in the interests of residential segregation.

The administration and the liberals are at fault, Gann and Duignan's argument continues, not only for using a wrong analogy, but because they fail to see what double standards they are using. South Africa is judged on absolute standards but others—Communist and most African states—are judged on relative ones and their transgressions are charitably explained. Here one can concede a point: Moral indignation toward foreign regimes is often simplistic, highly selective, and hardly infused with understanding of the genuine problems of others. But a catalog of the wickednesses of African

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and Communist states does not advance matters much. To admit that South Africa is guilty of wrongdoing but to argue that others are worse, is not unlike defending Mussolini on the ground that he was an amateur when compared with Hitler or Stalin. Nor is it advantageous for the United States to make the double-standard argument. It would help no one, least of all South Africa, for the United States to react to specific and outrageous events —for instance, the death of Biko—by saying, "Oh that, and worse, have happened and will happen in other places."

South Africa is not, therefore, continually on the agenda because of the wrong-headed and myopic indignation of liberals. Events in the region constantly bring it to our attention. In addition, as the authors show, the Republic of South Africa is a major source of minerals at a time of growing anxiety over future scarcity, and its major port and repair facilities are important in world trade and could be significant strategically.

Because the regime is stable—revolution really is unthinkable—the United States, say the authors, should adopt a policy of trying to help the rulers of the Republic of South Africa along the path of reform. There is useful material here on the cohesion of the South African officer corps, and the absence of a military caste cut off from the rest of the white society, which decreases the probability of a military coup in Latin American style. But Gann and Duignan assume too easily that the order can be preserved and that many supports from outside will continue, e.g., the supply of Iranian oil, to ensure continuing and rapid economic growth. In fact, the whole region may well become increasingly unstable. The authors seem to be repeating the error of the authors of "NSSM 39," a memorandum produced in 1969 by Henry Kissinger's staff, which argued that power would remain indefinitely in the hands of whites in southern Africa and that United States policy should discreetly "tilt" toward the white regimes in the hope of influencing them. Events since the collapse of the Portuguese African empire in 1974 have shown how hazardous such an assumption can be.

South Africa is not, the authors rightly point out, a Portugal, with a disillusioned officer corps; nor is it a Rhodesia, with a ratio of one white to twenty-four blacks—in South Africa the ratio is one to five. American policy ought to be based, they say, on a conception of American interests; furthermore, historical forces are in favor of liberal change from within South Africa. Social and economic change has transformed Afrikaners: "the 'poor white,' fearful of African competition and negrophobe in outlook, has largely disappeared." Blacks "now dominate industries that a few years ago excluded them—for example, the garment industry, the railroads, the post office, the mining and building industries, and the motor repair business." Within the Afrikaner establishment, "pragmatists" and "moderates" like Dr. C. P. Mulder are in power; "the most powerful right-wing politician . . . Andries Treurnicht . . . remains a deputy minister with little power."

Most of these statements are questionable. Afrikanerdom is surely being transformed by urbanization and redistribution of income, but fear of African competition and negrophobia certainly have not disappeared. The industries listed as being dominated by blacks are dominated, if at all, only in some numerical sense. However, it is in their political assumptions that the authors, like those of "NSSM 39," are widest of the mark. Dr. C. P. Mulder has fallen from power in a major scandal, "Muldergate," and in any case he was hardly known as either a pragmatist or a moderate. His successor as leader of the National party in the Transvaal—controlling half the parliamentary party—is none other than Dr. Treurnicht. Those who have prophesied change under the auspices of the far right may yet be proved correct.

The need is great for a statesmanlike policy that recognizes the legitimate anxieties of South Africa's dominant whites, as well as the fact that, given the strength of the regime, any change will inevitably be slow and incremental, rather than fast and comprehensive. But the authors are not specific about which anxieties are legitimate, nor do they seem aware of the difficulties of making the system of elite bargaining in consociationalism work. The Republic of South Africa's white rulers have yet to make the initial concessions on which consociationalism has to be based, viz., to acknowledge a willingness to begin bargaining with leaders whom subordinate groups freely acknowledge as their spokesmen.

The authors' hearts are in the right place. Their list of offensive features of the South African order is one that any liberal would endorse: the Immorality and Mixed Marriages Acts, segregation in group areas, and failure to provide politically for Africans outside the homelands, among them. They write rather vaguely of the United States "pouring in vast sums of money," but they do not make clear what, if anything, South Africa will be expected to do in return. Much hopeful change is taking place in South Africa, but the moderates the authors would like to help have yet to identify themselves in such a way that an American leader could risk the real political costs of yet another, much more expensive, "tilt" toward a white dominated southern African regime. The airing of "far from fashionable" views, though laudable, is only a beginning of a discussion of policy. ❑

RICHARD WAGNER: His Life, Art and Thought, by Ronald Taylor. Taplinger, 285 pp., $14.95.

WAGNER: A Biography, by Kurt von Westernhagen. Cambridge University Press, 2 vols., 654 pp., $39.50.

Love and gold

FRANK COOPER

A WORLD RECORD BID FOR a musical manuscript—$145,000—caused a furor last fall at Christie's in New York when it captured the draft score of Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*. Minutes later, the same bidder broke his own record by paying $220,000 for Wagner's draft of the score of *Tannhäuser*. With these acts a prophetic statement made by the German composer in 1856 came true: "Only the future . . . will be able to establish the genuine, unquestionable worth of my dramatic works." Obviously this has happened in financial terms, for these prices—as well as letters going for almost a thousand dollars each at the same sale—have elevated Wagner's stock to a peak in today's market that rivals his place in our musical firmament.

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No less would have been expected by the man who married Liszt's daughter, forged German music drama into an object of adulation, and caused a king to imperil his country's economy in the pursuit of elusive operatic ideals. That our appraisal today approaches the value he set on his own works is shown by the resounding and continuous success of his works in opera houses from Bayreuth to Seattle and beyond, by the current availability of more than three hundred recordings of the music of this arch-romantic, and by the addition of two new biographies to an already extensive bibliography.

Why another book on Wagner—or, for that matter, two? The answer lies in the recent publication of such "new" sources as Cosima Wagner's copious, worshipful diaries, her husband's *Brown Book* (an intimate, provocative diary-cum-notebook), and a number of important letters, early manuscripts, and critical studies. In Ronald Taylor's case, the most meaningful facts from these treasure troves have been integrated into the framework of Wagner's agitated, productive life. His immense creativity is shown in the context of his intellectual and spiritual development, bound up inextricably with the events of his time.

Taylor, an authority on German cultural history, is a sound scholar capable of marshaling arrays of facts about events and complex relationships. He writes clearly, if not altogether entertainingly, and from time to time with a certain penetration of subject matter that gives his work distinction. He regards Wagner's works as "among the most magnificent, most defiant achievements in the whole of Western culture, works which polarized opinion in their day and have done so ever since." And he takes his reader through them one by one, each in its proper setting, as facets of Wagner's stormy life and evolving goals. It is the sort of narrative a novice can trust.

Westernhagen, in a different vein, treats us to a wonderfully written connoisseur's biography which, while it does not replace or diminish Ernest Newman's great four-volume *Life of Richard Wagner*, amplifies and clarifies hundreds of points about his subject's attitudes, motivations, compositional processes, and awesome creations. The author is a physician by profession and a Wagnerian musicologist (with fourteen published works to his credit) by avocation. He has combed not only what is already in print, but also all of the original source material, including manuscript sketches, documents, and unpublished material in the family archives at Bayreuth. It shows.

THE CHARACTERS SEEM alive. More than four hundred dynamic individuals populate the pages: royalty, politicians, critics, poets, composers, philosophers, sculptors, performers, novelists, journalists. Each was part of some or many of Wagner's days, drawn to the titan by the forces of talent, ego, personality, or other mysterious lure. Each played a role in the rocky career and each added to our knowledge of it, just as Wagner touched their lives in varying degrees. Their words speak to us with telling force, as do Wagner's own—Westernhagen uses quotations lavishly, cleverly. The reader seems almost to be present as the life unfolds. Westernhagen's translator, Mary Whittall, deserves laurels for her sensitivity to language; it's as though the book had been written in English. But the secret of this book's success lies in the presence of a contrapuntist's skill in handling the fugue-like story, and the absence of a moralist's raised eyebrow.

The negative side of Wagner's character does not preoccupy the author. His intention "is to display the personality complete with its inner contradictions, its *creative polarity*, and to leave judgment to the reader." As to the counterpoint of facts that is so pertinent to an account of the life and work of Wagner, let Westernhagen speak for himself:

> One need do no more than contemplate the events of a two-year period such as 1856–7: the completion of *Die Walküre*, the prose scenario of *Die Sieger*, the conception of a new ending for *Gotterdämmerung*, the start of the composition of *Siegfried*, the first musical ideas for *Tristan*, the prose scenario of *Parsifal*, the text of *Tristan* and the composition sketch of the first act, the first Wesendonck songs—surely no one can believe that a reversion to a primitive chronicle method could begin to give an adequate idea of the strains and tensions, both personal and artistic, that are concealed behind those dates and facts!

The vitality of Westernhagen's account stems not only from his method, but also from the life of his subject. Wagner led an existence as wild and woolly as any hero of romantic fiction. Most of the time he was mired in debt. He lost both his father and stepfather by the age of eight. As a boy he found Greek entrancing and learned to read for himself Homer's actual words in

the *Odyssey* and Aeschylus's in the *Oresteia*.

Together with readings in Shakespeare and frequent theatrical experiences backstage with his brothers and sisters (among them two opera singers and two actresses), these nourished the lad's love of the imaginary, of the marvelous. At sixteen, he had his decisive encounter with the great singer Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient in *Fidelio*. That operatic experience changed his life; it was not Beethoven the symphonist but Beethoven the dramatist who held the key to Wagner's career. He plunged into musical studies and composition, and the rest became history.

There was much that intervened between the accomplishments, from *Die Feen*, composed in 1833, to *Parsifal*, completed in 1882: a miserable first marriage, a period of near starvation and incarceration in debtors' prison, and a series of disastrous appointments at various theaters; studies of medieval literature and history, the literature and philosophy of India, and German and Nordic mythology; narrow escapes from arrest for political intrigues; damning criticism from Schumann and Mendelssohn (those self-righteous "defenders of the faith"); burgeoning personal anti-Semitism and colossal egocentricity; also frictions and scandals that harmed and sometimes destroyed his relationships with close friends and patrons such as Liszt, Bülow, Nietzsche, the Wesendoncks, and dozens of others. Many of his problems with friends and acquaintances involved matters financial. Ironically for one who made gold and its evils the central symbol of his masterpiece, *The Ring*, Wagner himself was preoccupied, not to say obsessed, with money and the luxury it could buy.

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THE CATALYST SUPREME, the *deus ex machina* who brought focus to Wagner's chaotic life and seemingly impossible dreams, was a monarch, Ludwig II, king of Bavaria, who was thirty years his junior. "He is so handsome," wrote Wagner, "so great in spirit and in soul, so glorious that, alas, I fear that his life will evanesce in this mean world like a fleeting dream of godhood." That prediction came true: Ludwig died in madness brought on in part by a constant, hopeless struggle against his homosexuality. But between 1864 and Wagner's death in 1883, King Ludwig supported Wagner and his projects by dipping generously into the Bavarian treasury.

In the relationship Wagner was at least an equal, manipulating the young king's passionate, idealistic nature to his own advantage, fawning on him from time to time and then making the king knuckle under to his indomitable will, and allowing the ruler the honor of referring to "our" ideals, "our" efforts, "our" work. This peculiar friendship gave meaning to the king's life. The loneliness and solitude of his throne were alleviated by the excitement of contact with Wagner and of involvement (financial, never artistic) in Wagner's huge schemes. When Wagner died, Ludwig said proudly, "I was the first to recognize the artist whom the whole world now mourns; I saved him for the world."

Thanks to this king, Wagner was able to realize his goal as the composer of German music dramas: "Dramatic perfection above, a continual symphony below." The whole story of Wagner's artistic endeavors, as theorist and practitioner, was his struggle to synthesize dramatic and symphonic music in what Westernhagen calls "symphonic drama." In the process, Wagner united countless threads from legend and history, interwoven with his own "new" musical procedures—continuous modulation, extraordinarily chromatic orchestral textures, a system of leitmotifs to identify his characters and their states of being, and a unique kind of linked, never-ending melodic and rhythmic flow. As the present biographies reveal, Wagner's life and art amounted not to a revolution but to a culmination, the climax of an entire century's experiments to create truly German opera. In Debussy's words, "Wagner was a beautiful sunset that has been mistaken for a sunrise."

MUSIC

The essential jazz record library

NAT HENTOFF

THOSE WHO ARE ONLY NOW awakening to the myriad pleasures of jazz, and those who are returning to the music years after a youthful dalliance with it, tend to find the abundance of currently available recordings rather intimidating. Accordingly, here is the first of a two-part selection of albums that are indispensable for any listener who would journey knowledgeably among the phenomena of what drummer Max Roach accurately describes as "America's true classical music." While the sound on the older recordings on this list is not, of course, up to contemporary high-fidelity standards, nonetheless the quality on all is at least acceptable and often better. The first part ends at the beginning of modern jazz—Charlie Parker—and the second moves from there to the protean improvisers of the present.

Initially, there is one set that covers almost the entire scope of the music, and it should be the first acquired. In six volumes, *The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz* (Smithsonian Collection 5100) ranges from Scott Joplin and fearsome blues singer Robert Johnson through Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington to Dizzy Gillespie and Cecil Taylor. The large, accompanying booklet by Martin Williams, director of the Smithsonian's Jazz Program, provides a remarkably penetrating summary of jazz history as well as analyses of each seminal recording. A week with this set is likely to make you more of an expert on the music than are some of those who write about it for a living. (Available from the Smithsonian Collection, P.O. Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50366.)

From the same source, *Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines, 1928* (Smithsonian Collection 2002) brilliantly illuminates the advent of the first jazz virtuoso, Louis Armstrong, who became an overwhelming influence on nearly all players, no matter what their instruments. It was Armstrong who largely liberated the jazz soloist from the ensemble while creating new dimensions of improvisatory melodic and rhythmic structure. But no words can really prepare you for the exhilarating sounds of this young man continually surprising himself with the wonders of his imagination.

As Louis Armstrong transcended the jazz horns of his era, so Bessie Smith transformed classic blues singing—emerging as the most commanding blues force in the history of this common language of jazz. She bridged the back country and the city, the church and the rent party, and her songs are not only social but also personal history (*The Bessie Smith Story*, Columbia CL 855-858).

The next instrumental expansion of the language was due in considerable part to Count Basie who, as one observer noted, "put wheels to the beat." Basie's jazz was fluid and subtle; in the 1930s his band included soloists—particularly tenor saxophonist Lester Young—who further mined melodic possibilities while swinging with a new gracefulness. But there was also much fire and wit, and the set that most fully reveals all the reasons for the group's pervasive influence is *The Best of Basie* (MCA 4050E). A vital companion is *The Lester Young Story* (Columbia CG-33502). Young harmonically and in terms of melodic phrasing that arched over traditional strictures presaged some of the coming of modern jazz.

Shaped by Lester Young, Louis Armstrong, and Bessie Smith, a vocal-

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ist emerged in the 1930s who truly sang like a horn, and so intelligently entered into the lyrics of her songs that she became the very model of a jazz singer. Indeed, Billie Holiday was so persuasive an improviser of moods that although many have tried to emulate her, she has yet to be surpassed (*Golden Years*, Vols. I and II, Columbia C3L-21, C3L-40; *God Bless the Child*, Columbia PG-30782).

Just as inimitable—although he has had vast influence on jazz composers—was Duke Ellington. He created his own microcosm, writing specifically for the individual members of his orchestra, and the result was the most multifarious, multicolored body of work in all of jazz. He composed autobiographically, orchestrated profiles of pivotal black cultural figures, and also based much of his work on the collective black historical experience—as in "Black, Brown and Beige," *The Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall Concerts, 1943* (Prestige 34004), *Tone Parallel to Harlem* (Columbia J-6), and *Duke Ellington 1940* (Smithsonian Collection 2015).

As I can attest, the Ellington band at its apex, in the early 1940s, was most thrilling (literally) at a dance, where it was continually regenerated by seeing and feeling the instant, kinetic results of the music. The only record of such a performance is the splendid *Duke Ellington At Fargo, 1940/Live.* (For information, Book-of-the-Month Club Records, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012. You don't have to be a member of that association of bibliophiles to be able to obtain this three-volume set.)

There were many larger-than-life instrumentalists in the Ellington bands through the decades, and one of the most justly fabled was alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges. As one musician said of him, "Johnny was the only jazz giant who never had a period of comparative decline." Sensuous, serene even when soaring, and ceaselessly inventive, Hodges's playing could also be just plain rollicking. All these qualities are evident in *Johnny Hodges at the Sportpalast, Berlin* (Pablo 2620-102).

In his vocals Waller was a pungent parodist of bathos.

Another orchestral force in the swift evolution of jazz was Fletcher Henderson, whose arrangements—and way of arranging—proved vital to the vastly greater popular success of Benny Goodman. But musically it was Henderson's orchestra, with such soloists as Coleman Hawkins, trombonist Jimmy Harrison, and cornetist Rex Stewart that left the greater historic impact. It was a powerhouse of a band, with intricate arrangements and challenging standards of musicianship (*Developing An American Orchestra, 1923–1937*, Smithsonian Collection, 2006).

Of the abundance of creative pianists in the premodern years, Fats Waller was clearly the most exuberant as well as being a remarkably fertile melodist. He came out of the expansive, two-handed Harlem school of "stride piano," and in his vocals Waller was a pungent parodist of Tin Pan Alley bathos. As an instrumentalist, however, Waller was a serious, ardent improviser (*The Complete Fats Waller*, Vol. 1. Bluebird AXM2-5511).

Teddy Wilson refined the jazz piano tradition without diluting its emotional intensity, and became a pervasive influence on younger pianists as he kept demonstrating that lyrical sensitivity and swing needn't be antithetical (*Statements and Improvisations, 1934–1942*, Smithsonian Collection, 2005).

BECAUSE THE MUSIC HAS a relatively brief history, players representing nearly all jazz eras and styles coexist into the present. And so, a discography of pre–Charlie Parker forms and essences should also include classic contemporary performances. For instance, the very definition of jazz swinging is to be found in *Milt Jackson/Count Basie: Milt Jackson + Count Basie + The Big Band*, Vols. 1 and 2 (Pablo 2310-822 & 823). Vibist Jackson, long with the Modern Jazz Quartet, has unerring jazz time, as of course does Basie. Together with the Basie orchestra, they conjugate the sheer rhythmic joy that is impetus and consequence of much jazz-making.

Similarly, the spacious ease of the jam session—long crucial to the development of jazz players but now hard to find—still flourishes occasionally on Norman Granz's recordings. An invigoratingly full-bodied illustration of the genre is *Basie Jam #2* (Pablo 2310-786), in which Basie is joined by such avatars of mainstream jazz as alto saxophonist Benny Carter, trombonist Al Grey, and tenor saxophonist Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis.

Furthermore, for jazz survivors into the present, previous barriers of age and style sometimes begin to dissolve. In *Jazz Maturity . . . Where It's Coming From* (Pablo 2310-816), the swing era and modern times interact with amiable but brisk competitiveness. One of the two principals is Roy Eldridge, who built on Louis Armstrong to forge his own style that in turn deeply influenced a new generation of trumpeters including Dizzy Gillespie. In the years before Dizzy helped invent what came to be modern jazz, he often jousted with the fearsome Eldridge, and was

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regularly bested—until one night when Dizzy, at a jam session, finally triumphed. But more than thirty years later, they recognize they have much more in common—the whole jazz lineage—than they once thought. And this session in the 1978 recording is a stunning celebration of the continuum of the jazz spirit.

Record producer and entrepreneur Norman Granz once defined Eldridge in a way that applies to all the musicians in this discography—and the second part to come. A Russian journalist had asked Granz to name the musician who most fully embodies jazz. Granz cited Roy Eldridge, explaining, "He's a musician for whom it's far more important to dare, to try to achieve a particular peak—even if he falls on his ass in the attempt—than it is to play safe. That's what jazz is all about."

And that's what Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Lester Young, and so many more musicians are all about. Charlie "Bird" Parker was a spectacular case in point when, in the 1940s, he was one of the prime creators of "be-bop" (modern jazz). Like Louis Armstrong in the 1920s, Bird turned everybody around—on all the instruments. He hugely expanded the harmonic dimensions, for one thing. A soloist still had to swing, but he had to do a lot more. He now had to know, and keep in mind, just about every possible permutation of a chord. And so the colors of jazz changed, becoming much more variegated.

Bird also changed the rhythms. With him the beat was stated more implicitly, rather than explicitly; it was more subtle, more complex, sometimes almost dizzying in its surprises. But at bottom, Bird remained a masterful blues player, and he swung deep and hard. So although in Bird's time it seemed to traditional players and critics that the sky was falling, actually the firmament was being enlarged.

The clearest introduction to what Bird wrought is the five-volume *Charlie Parker: The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions* (Savoy/Arista 5500). Recorded from 1944 to 1948, these were the sounds that changed the listening and thinking of just about every young jazz musician in this country—and then everywhere. As Max Roach said recently, "Bird was kind of like the sun, giving off the energy we drew from him. We're still drawing on it." ❏

(*This is the first of a two-part series.*)

F I L M

***ALIEN*, directed by Ridley Scott.**

***THE TREE OF THE WOODEN CLOGS*, directed by Ermanno Olmi.**

Alienation

STEPHEN HARVEY

*THE REGULAR APPEAR*ance of the Summer Blockbuster is the current screen's most inviolate law, transporting stockholders in the so-called Leisure Industries to intoxicating heights and dividend-induced vertigo. The goal of the Blockbuster is simple—to mesmerize a nation of temporarily liberated schoolkids into repeated pilgrimages to their local theaters—and the tactics involved are likewise straightforward. No filigree of nuances is required, or even remotely wished for—said product is aimed straight for the mass primal zone, but No Sex Please, We're Pubescent. Just as Broadway "needs" that irresistible musical comedy smash come the Ides of March, the summer solstice must perforce be greeted with at least one of these movie gargantuas, wanted or not.

This year, *Alien* was so patently the anointed candidate for Phenomenonhood that you know what's in store practically before the Twentieth Century-Fox logo has faded from the screen. All those expensive movieland computers have obviously been working overtime on this one, confecting the perfect money magnet out of the spare parts of nearly every monster hit of the recent past—a kind of *Star Jaws*.

Sure enough, *Alien* gives us the obligatory interior shots of spaceship corridors in alternating antiseptic white and murky shadow, juxtaposed with painstakingly animated exteriors of the massive craft gliding silently through a constellation-specked cosmos. This ominous tranquility is shattered not by the aquatic and implacable Bruce, but by an unnamed intergalactic colossus likewise armed with lethally bared dental work and liable to snap out at you silently and without provocation. To add another fillip of *déjà vu*, the menaced dramatis personae include one unfortunate compelled by an internal force to contort in agony before spurting disgusting fluids about indiscriminately (see *The Exorcist*), and a plucky heroine toiling on alone against daunting odds to bring this mysterious horror to an end (à la *Coma*). I wouldn't have been at all surprised had the crew of this benighted vessel paused from their rigors momentarily to roll up the sleeves of their T-shirts, slick back their hair, and harmonize over a brief snippet of rama-lama-ding-dong—just to keep all the box office bases covered.

Not that *Alien*'s sources of inspiration—to put it euphemistically—end with such recent models. A movie like this is proof positive for those people who think that the seventies are just a retread of the fifties, distinguished only by an inflated currency and a more awesome technology. In spirit, *Alien* is simply another Cold War creature-feature, but stripped of any A-Bomb sociopolitical implications and endowed with a mammoth budget and meticulously gruesome special effects. The script by Dan O'Bannon is a virtual carbon of those poker-faced but lamebrained drive-in specials of yore, with a few feminist footnotes tossed in for topicality's sake. Most of the characters are strictly true to stereotype—foolhardy and pigheaded, just asking to be served up as a monster's hors d'oeuvre.

I mean, let's say you somehow landed on some bleak, uncharted planet and found yourself in a dank underground cavern strewn with two-foot-high, charcoal-hued eggs with signs of life clearly visible within. Now I ask you, under such circumstances would you stick out your hand and *pat* one of said objects? Well, that's just what adventurous John Hurt does, and for his pains he gets chomped on by a yellow-shelled crustacean embryo. Then there's the dour scientist-

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in-residence (Ian Holm) who insists on transferring this unwelcome apparition onto the spacecraft—the possible sacrifice of a few human lives counting as nothing next to the potential scientific benefits (remember *The Thing*?). Well, Holm gets his, too, and the revelation of Who and What he really is constitutes the one truly imaginative twist in the whole recycled narrative.

MEANWHILE, THOUGH, O'Bannon and director Ridley Scott resort to every shoddy, archaic trick in the B-picture canon to keep the audience in a jittery froth, up to and including what I would term the "Here, kitty, kitty" syndrome. This is the one in which some simpleton wanders off alone in search of his wayward mascot (they preferred stray tykes back in the fifties), when any stooge could guess that the Fiend is going to find this nitwit before he has a chance to retrieve that mischievous little feline. (Scott and company are shameless enough to try this gambit not once but twice.)

I'm really not one to carp when a director chooses to rummage through old movies for a second-hand notion or two, providing he can transform this material into something fresh using his own imagination—precisely as Steven Spielberg did with *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* However, *Alien* doesn't build from its sources; it merely feeds off them, rather as the titular villain does its victims. This movie is as vacant as the special-effects universe it travels through. Its premise is not novel or resonant or intriguing; its characters are mere ciphers waiting to be dispatched, which makes the cast impersonating them nothing more than supernumeraries in high-tech drag. I never thought character actors as distinctive as Harry Dean Stanton and Yaphet Kotto could be reduced to such paradigms of blandness, and it's instructive to note the difference between the sniffling dreariness of Veronica Cartwright's work here and the plaintive urgency she managed to convey in a similar role in last year's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.* (At least when Stanley Kubrick turned Gary Lockwood and Keir Dullea into robots for *2001* he was working with zombies to begin with.) If firm-voiced heroine Sigourney Weaver manages to make the greatest impression, it's mostly because she's furnished with a little more backbone and a lot more screen footage than the other unfortunates in the cast.

What appears at first to be *Alien*'s one obvious point of superiority over its antecedents turns out to be its most unpleasant trait. The cheesiness and relative reticence of fifties sci-fi efforts were part of what made them amusing, however fitfully. Hamstrung by skimpy shooting schedules, limited means, and a still-potent censorship code, these films allowed you the choice of suspending disbelief if you felt like it, for a mild, vicarious case of the creeps, or just relaxing for a painless eighty minutes of giggles. Divested of such limitations *Alien*, with its calculated and graphic mayhem, offers no such options—all you can do is sit there and squirm. Its sole artistic purpose is to set you up and gross you out; it's hardly surprising that the man who directed *The Duellists* should have been able to bring this one off, but how depressing that he could be induced to settle for so little. You get lots of disquieting silences and claustrophobic close-ups while awaiting the inevitable jolts, but the shrieks don't take much effort. It's not suspense you're experiencing, just the nauseous anticipation of the next repugnant sight they're going to inflict on you. *Alien* turned out to be one of the most loathsome experiences I've had in years of moviegoing. The scariest thing about *Alien* is not the movie itself, but the manipulative contempt for the audience that its creators display.

ARRIVING IMMEDIATELY in the wake of *Alien*, Ermanno Olmi's *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*, with its subdued humanism, inevitably propelled many critics into flights of hyperbole. After all, this three-hour saga of turn-of-the-century peasant life in the Bergamo countryside in Lombardy actually presupposes an audience of viewers endowed with a modicum of patience and the ability to do a little thinking and feeling for themselves. *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* contains no artificially rigged climaxes, no individual heroes to identify with or clearly underscored dastards to despise; all Olmi is trying for is the considerable feat of capturing the essence of a long-gone world by recreating the daily lives of its inhabitants.

This community of farmworkers is itself little more than the property of the local landowner, and its members are impoverished and disenfranchised, but if any conclusion is to be drawn from this thoughtful film, it is that there are no simple truths once you penetrate the façade of any culture.

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Undeniable deprivation is closely entwined with a profound sense of fellowship and with pride in one's work. Each task and interchange of family life is made to seem momentous by the gravity with which it is performed and the unstinting respect with which Olmi observes it.

As the seasons pass, an old man teaches his granddaughter how to fertilize a patch of tomato plants so that they'll bear fruit early, a mother proudly gives birth to her umpteenth child, a cow takes sick and is restored when its owner feeds it sanctified water; a couple courts according to immemorial ritual, marries, and takes a honeymoon trip by barge to Milan where they adopt an infant from a Catholic orphanage; a fair comes to town and departs, a pig is slaughtered, a family is peremptorily evicted by the landowner for poaching. All of it is expressed with such un-self-conscious detail that the cumulative impact is far more powerful than any recitation of the film's individual moments could possibly convey.

Bertolucci covered almost identical social and geographic terrain (although over a much greater time span) with *1900*, but Olmi's approach could scarcely be more different—which is completely to his credit as far as I'm concerned. Bertolucci opted everywhere for the facile equation in the service of a fervently dilettantish Marxism—oppressed serfs rendered noble and lovable by their exalted political consciences and impersonated by a high-priced international cast thinly disguised in the tattered raiment of the proletariat. Olmi's vision is infinitely more complex, largely because he doesn't find it necessary to narrow his gaze to suit any prevailing ideology.

OLMI HAS CAST HIS FILM entirely from local nonprofessionals who haven't had the training to attitudinize, and he observes them from a discreet though sympathetic distance. He never tries to impose his own explanations of the motives or psyches of these people: Their actions express their lives, and any obscure aspects of this society so remote from our own are allowed to remain so. Still, there is doubtless much in this film that will irritate the more socially critical—the Church is presented as a purely benevolent force, for one thing, and the film's structure itself indicates Olmi's belief in a world best served by gradual change and underlying continuity.

However, in the end the most triumphant qualities of this film become its clearest drawbacks. All that austere purity doesn't make for the most exciting moviemaking imaginable, and Olmi's ever earnest respectfulness finally becomes almost as enervating as it is admirable. Although *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* is the kind of film that inspires the word "masterpiece," was there ever any true movie classic so completely lacking in passion as this one is? Olmi has tackled a difficult challenge supremely well, but while this film engages the eye and mind, it's awfully cold to the touch.

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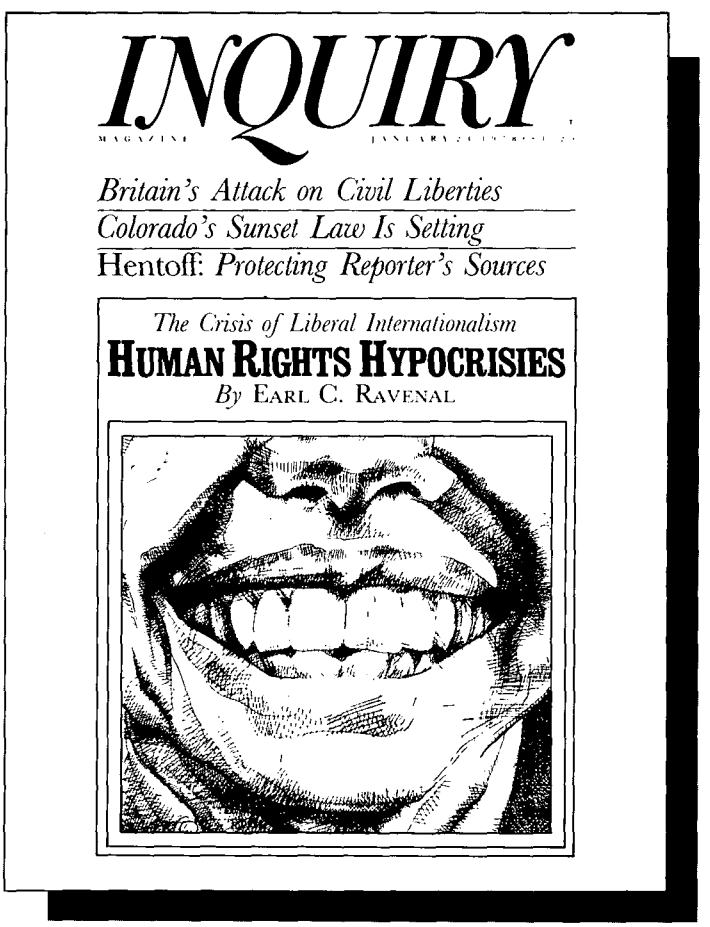

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